

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Maximilian.

BITTER and implacable as is our hostility to anything like European dictation or intervention on this continent, opposed and almost vindictive as we have been, especially toward the Franco-Austriaco Empire in Mexico, we shall, nevertheless be glad to see the Napoleonic dupe and victim, Maximilian, get decently and creditably out of the scrape into which he was betrayed by that most empirical of empirics, the Emperor of the French. It is certainly pitiable to think that there are youths, and even archdukes in Europe, who can believe for an instant in the possibility of reproducing on this continent the old exploded governmental systems of their own. It speaks poorly for their intelligence, that there are emperors even, who, as Patrick Henry expressed it, are fatuous enough to think they can dam the Nile with bulrushes, or what is equivalent and only more difficult, "set metes and bounds" around the United States. This idiotic idea long ago possessed the mind of Louis Napoleon, even when he was a Bohemian in London, a special policeman and a pensioner on the American members of the house of Barings. He then urged, in an English pamphlet that Great Britain should undertake to build up in tropical America a counterpoise to the United States, little dreaming then that it would ever be in his power to be able to undertake to do the same thing on his own account. He has paid the penalty of trying to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire. He has

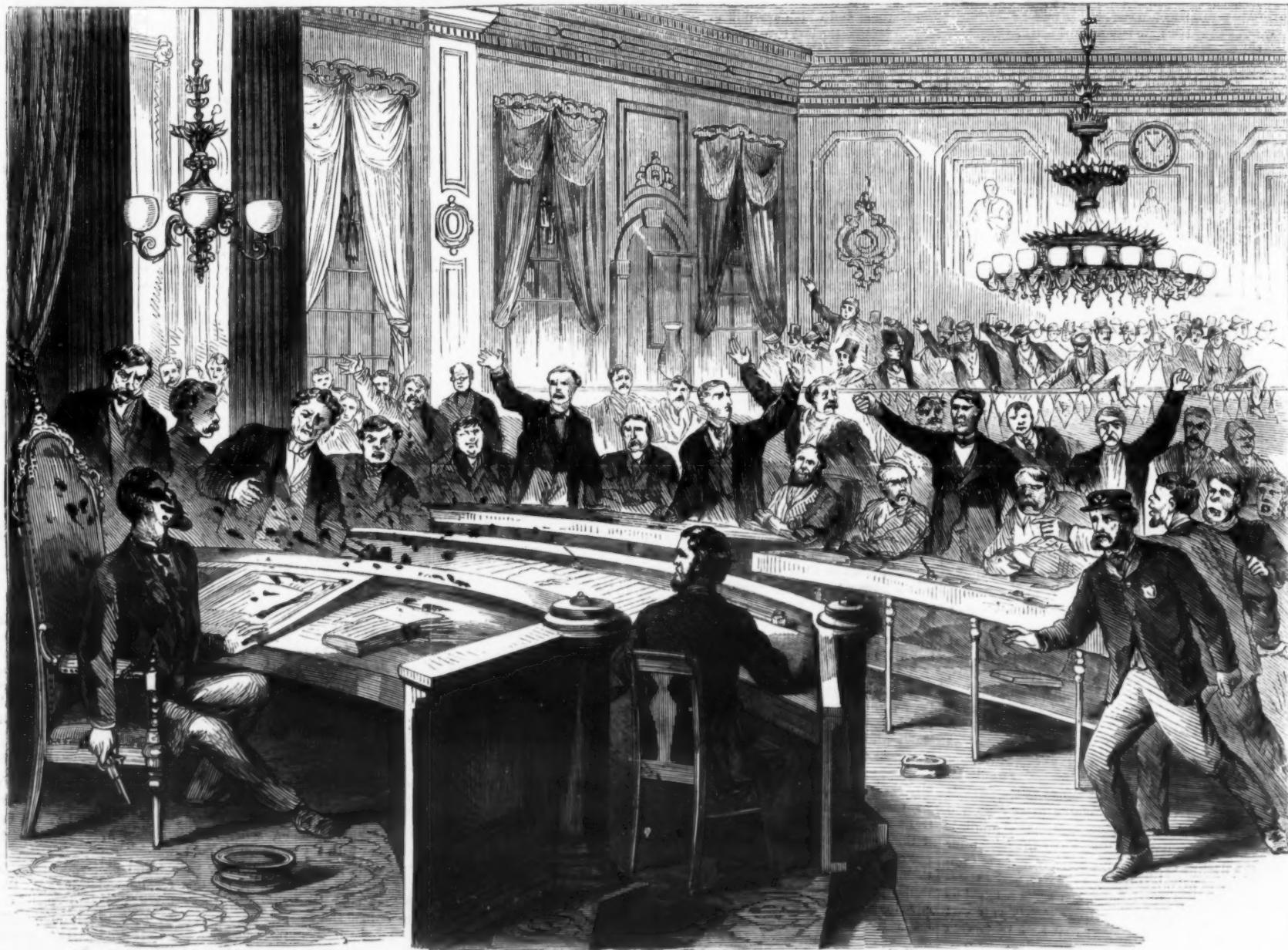
suffered in his own person the disappointment, odium and disgrace, only in an exaggerated degree and proportioned to his exertions, which fell to Great Britain in her wretched efforts "to occupy and hold" Central America.

His folly has become apparent to no one more than himself, and there is no human being on earth more anxious than he is to escape from an enterprise undertaken without judgment, for objects foreign to the interests of his subjects, quixotic, and in humiliating ignorance of the forces and endurance of a country destined as surely to be the arbiter of this earth as the sun is to remain the centre of the solar system. The disgrace and humiliation of the Mexican affair is with the French Emperor. We look upon Maximilian, as we have said, as the dupe and victim of a man who has outlived his *prestige*, and long enough to prove to the world that he is now no less an impostor and charlatan than he was when he landed his bedraggled eagle at Boulogne and made himself ridiculous at Strasburg.

His conduct toward Maximilian was all that is necessary to prove him as ungrateful as unscrupulous. He has driven a proud but earnest and benevolent woman mad, and would leave the man who trusted him to the mercy of a brutal Mexican populace. We are happy to believe that Maximilian will not permit himself to be a mere pawn in the hands of the unmasked Mokanna of the Tuilleries. We have reason to believe that he will leave Mexico, as leave he must, with a propriety and dignity becoming



MAYOR HOFFMAN, ACTING AS MAGISTRATE, REPRIMANDING THE OFFENDING MEMBERS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.



DISGRACEFUL SCENE AT THE MEETING OF THE COMMON COUNCIL OF NEW YORK CITY, IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, CITY HALL, ON THURSDAY, JAN. 10.—SEE PAGE 291.

an honorable and high-spirited gentleman, and at one and the same time eradicate many pre-occupations against himself, while deepening the hatred and contempt that is gathering like a cloud around the head of the fast-failing and impotent Emperor of the French.

There is reason to believe that Maximilian will be glad when the last Frenchman leaves the soil of Mexico. He will then, and he has already taken the preliminary steps to that end, call together the representatives of the people of Mexico, and earnestly and sincerely inquire of them their wishes and purposes. That they will declare for a Republic, in some form suited to their mongrel and ignorant population, is most probable, and that then Maximilian will hand over to the persons of their choice all the powers he ever possessed or aspired to obtain, is not for one moment to be doubted. He will then embark with dignity and honor, and return to that Europe which made him its impotent tool, and to that quiet and eventless life to which so many of us, alas! are necessarily condemned—a wiser, if not a better man, and a wholesome commentary on Napoleonic sagacity and good faith!

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337 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1867.

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#### Decline of our Mercantile Marine.

In the report of Mr. Wells, the Special Commissioner on the Revenue, lately published, there are few sentences of more pregnant import than the following: "It is further reported to the Commissioner that during the month of November there was but a single vessel in the course of construction in the shipyards of the city of New York, and but one or two in the city of Boston."

We are further informed in the same report that American shipping engaged in foreign trade has, allowing for the difference between the new and old measurements, declined fifty per cent. in the last six years, the figures being 1,492,924 tons in 1866, against 2,546,237 tons in 1860; and that the "foreign commerce of the United States is being, as it were, swept from the ocean, and that no voyage with an American vessel can be planned at the present time from the United States to any foreign port with a reasonable expectation of profit."

The Commissioner assigns as one reason for the decline of our tonnage the ravages of Confederate privateers during the war, and a statement, apparently official, has since reached us from Washington, that 1,061 vessels were sold or transferred during that period to foreign flags to protect them from these depredations. The present American shipping laws prohibit

the granting of an United States register to any ship or vessel built or owned abroad, and when soon after the conclusion of the civil war a relaxation of this law was proposed in Congress, in order to enable the vessels so transferred to return to their national colors, the proposition was emphatically scouted.

Only one reason is assigned by the Commissioner for the fact that no vessels are being built to replace those so lost to our commerce; but that one reason is quite enough. It is, that the class of ships which cost in New York one hundred dollars (currency) per ton to build and equip, can be built and equipped in the British Provinces for forty dollars (gold) per ton. As we have shown, however, these foreign ships cannot, under our laws, be owned and sailed by American citizens. We cannot build, we will not buy, therefore we have not.

When we consider that ships mean sailors, that the disappearance of our shipping implies also the diminution in numbers of our hardy mariners, we approach a serious fact which Mr. Wells has not touched upon, perhaps because it lay beyond his province. If our mercantile marine is not to be supplied with new ships, it is very certain that within a few years, from the natural decay of those now afloat, it must entirely disappear. Without a supply of seamen, where shall we look for the tars to man our national ships in case of a foreign war? Even supposing the crews of our men-of-war to be kept up to their full complement, if such a war be long and arduous where are we to look for the maritime population from which to recruit our inevitable losses? They will be either afloat in foreign vessels and beyond our control, or they will have turned to other employments, "protected" out of existence as mariners. The Commissioner deprives us of the comfort we might have derived from the belief that our coasting trade, closely protected as it is, would become a nursery for seamen, for he states that this branch has decreased twelve per cent., "though a part of this reduction is probably due to the substitution of steamers for sailing vessels." The Evening Star disaster looms before us, and we ask, so long as Congress passes no laws to compel our coasters to carry a proper complement of men, how can such a nursery for seamen be a national resource in the emergency we have al-luded to?

There is one branch of this subject, however, to which no allusion is made by the Commissioner, but which cannot be omitted in any consideration of the decline of our mercantile marine. We allude to the steamers now absorbing all the passenger and the greater part of the freight business between this country and Europe, and which are now exclusively in foreign hands, the last two American steamers, the Arago and the Fulton, having been removed from the line a few weeks since. The inquiry is not, as in the case of sailing vessels, why they are decreasing, but why we have never been able to make more than a feeble effort—soon ceased—to share this lucrative trade of carrying goods, passengers and mails across the Atlantic. This is no question of decadence caused by the war; our ocean steamers were not transferred to the protection of foreign flags, simply because we had few or none to transfer. We were distanced—in racing phrase—before the war began, and there is no evidence to show that had that trial not befallen us, we should, by this time, have been any further advanced. Let us look at the facts. There are now, in midwinter, an average of five first-class screw steamers arriving and departing weekly from this port to Europe; next summer there will be an average of one per day arriving and departing with full cargoes and their full complement of passengers. Not one of these is American. Some are British, some German, and some French. Of the six British lines, only one—the Cunard, and that only for its mail service—receives any subvention from their government, and even that will cease this year. The rest rely upon the speed, management and economy which a sharp rivalry among themselves has taught and enforced for the profits of their enterprises. It is to be noted, however, that although these steamers sail from different ports, they are all British built. If the merchants of Hamburg or Bremen see a profitable opening in establishing a line of steamers to the United States, they seek the cheapest market to buy these in. That market they find in the ship-yards of the Clyde, the Tynne, or the Thames. If they could have found cheaper ships here, we should, no doubt, have had them among us as customers, or if they could have built them themselves, at as a cheap a rate as they could buy them abroad, certainly they would prefer that. There were no laws to say that German industry must be protected, and that if their own shipwrights and engineers could not construct steamers, they must do without them, and leave to foreigners their carrying trade. So they buy foreign-built steamers, educate a race of seamen to navigate them, foster their native industry by the thousand demands which these vessels create on their arrivals and departures, and stimulate their

commerce with the United States by the immense facilities they afford it.

It may be a subject for regret that our own ship-builders allowed another nation to get the start of them in the construction of screw steamers. Perhaps it was unavoidable, and the work they had before them may have been at the time a great deal more profitable. Our space will not allow us to enter into even the briefest history of the rise and development of that remarkable branch of industry of which our cousins now enjoy the monopoly. We must accept the facts that the British can build these vessels better and cheaper than any other nation; that by this means they are gradually drawing to themselves the carrying trade of the world with all its enormous profits; and, we must add the mortifying conclusion, that the only nation whose rivalry they had to fear is thrust helpless aside.

We are sure that the spirit of the American people will not submit to this degradation from the high rank they have till very recently held, but if we would dispute the supremacy of the seas with our ancient rival, not a day is to be lost. Our ships, and with our ships our sailors, are rapidly disappearing, and with both our maritime power. If we cannot build ships we must buy them, and every hindrance the law puts in our way must be removed. We will not quarrel with the dogma of Protection to American Industry; but what if there be no industry to protect, or if protection have already smothered that industry nigh unto death? As protection to American shipping now stands, it means the collection of the freights on both our imports and exports by foreigners, it means the transport of our mails and our citizens to and from our shores under every or any flag except our own; it means the loss of our prestige among the trading nations of the world, the decay of our seamen, and the undermining of our national strength.

#### Taxes on City Railroads.

We copy the following article from the New York *Daily Times*, supplementary to one of our own, entitled "One Cent—Whose Shall It Be?" The statistics bear out all that we had then occasion to say:

"We reprinted yesterday an article from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER, which treats this subject from a novel point of view. It so happens that we are able to enforce the arguments of our contemporary by reference to some official returns which have lately come before us. Those are the amount of the tax of one-eighth of a cent paid to Government by four of the principal city railroads, and the figures show that during the twenty-nine months the tax has been levied, the sum of \$154,233 33 has been paid. Probably we shall not be much in error in assuming that these returns represent two-thirds of all the payments made, which will thus be in the aggregate about \$200,000. The point made in the article we allude to is, that this sum paid to the Government represents a total of seven times the amount—namely, \$1,463,000 taken during this period out of the pockets of the public; that is, under pretense of paying one-eighth of a cent to the public Treasury, amounting to \$200,000, the railway companies have put \$1,463,000 into their own pockets, for which they ought to be very thankful, not alone to a benevolent Government, but to an unresisting and patient public.

"There are very strong reasons why at least a portion of the annual sum of \$200,000 (which is the average annual rate of the above sum) should go to swell the internal revenue, and not the profits of the company. Experience has shown that it is a tax very easily collected, and one which the public do not find oppressive. The resistance that has been spasmodically made against the levying of seven-eighths of a cent extra by the companies has arisen more from the sense of the injustice of the payment exacted than from the burden of the amount. When it is known that the payment of the extra cent is for the benefit of the Government, we are sure all opposition to it will cease, and, like the additional cent on a box of matches, it will be cheerfully paid.

"This addition to the revenue would enable Government to remit some taxes which are now almost universally felt as grievances. We will only instate that on watches; but there are many others which the proposed revision of the tariff will bring to light as not worth the difficulty and expense of collecting. The article we have reprinted argues the various points suggested by the proposed amendment, and, by the light of the figures we have given, is worthy of the consideration of the Treasury."

#### Cheap Murder.

We cannot better show what the recent killing of a negro by Dr. James L. Watson, at Rockbridge, Virginia, really was, than by relating the circumstances as if they had occurred in this city: Mr. Jones's family is being driven to church one Sunday in their own carriage; Smith's carriage, driven by a negro, attempts to pass Jones's carriage in the street. By some awkwardness of one or both drivers, the carriages come into collision; the wheel of Jones's carriage is smashed; the horses try to run away, but don't; and so far the affair ends with Jones's family suffering a sudden but causeless fright. Smith himself is away; but coming home the Tuesday following, hears of the affair, and goes on Wednesday morning to Jones's house, on the Fifth avenue, armed with stick and pistol. Jones tries to pacify his friend, expresses his regret at the occurrence, and offers to pay for the damage to the carriage. But Smith is too old a bird to be caught with such chaff; he goes to the stable, sees there the negro driver, tries first to thrash him with the stick, the negro runs away, and Smith, pursuing him, shoots him dead.

Now let our readers change Smith for Dr. Watson, and they have the sum and substance of this brutal murder as related by Watson's friends. There is no item of premeditation wanting in it. Friery was hanged the other day for a murder if possible less aggravated than this; and Smith, or Watson, could not have escaped here a similar fate, which he would richly have deserved; yet in Virginia he goes scot free!

The only possible aggravation the case could have received is the extenuation that Watson's friends offer. They tell us that he is one of the most respectable gentlemen of the county and one of the most popular, which, we dare say, is not at all inconsistent with his being a great ruffian. That he is a man of kind and amiable manners, and more than ordinarily good toward the blacks since their freedom. What the character of his poor victim was, is, of course, of no consequence. This curious use of epithets really puzzles ordinary minds; for if a kind and amiable man means a deliberate murderer, what more can meanness and ill-temper do?

Dr. Watson is fortunate in one respect, that negroes are now free. In former times he must have paid the value of the victim to his owner. Now negroes are worth nothing in money, and his murderer gets off very cheaply, for, as a matter of course, no Virginia jury would punish him, and the military court that was first about to try him was instructed from Washington to leave him to the civil authorities.

The Southerners may rely upon it that, by such trifling with the sacred rights of the freedmen, they do but "heav up wrath unto the day of wrath."

#### Figurative Veracity.

It is an old saying that figures will not lie, but like many of the old sayings, it must be taken according to circumstances. The figures themselves may be all right, but it is the conclusions drawn from them which will not lie, so that the old excuse for apparent exaggeration of statement, Don't you know I am talking in a figure? may be used in a plural and more extended sense.

It is with some such mental reservation that we must receive some of the statements in the Mayor's last message. He assures us that our taxes are less than they seem, the ratio being so deceptive as to actually appear more than that of many other cities when it is really less.

This must be very consolatory to the taxpayers. The ugly facts, however, remain, that the tax levy for 1866 is almost \$17,000,000, and that the Mayor ends his message with saying: "I have no reason to believe that we shall have any considerable reduction in the tax levy for 1867."

In connection with this it must also be noticed that the population of the city is decreasing, being in 1865-66, 87,000 less than in 1860.

The expected increase is not found in the city proper, but in the surrounding towns. Is it not singular that people should be so blind to their own interests as to leave the city and go into the country, when the ratio of taxation is diminishing?

The same singular tendency toward stupid persistency is found in Ireland, whose population will persist in leaving the stable conservatism of English rule in that country for the unsettled mobocracy which is rampant here, and are in no way convinced by the statements of the Tory party, in the English Houses of Parliament, that they are very foolish in doing so.

We fear that the people of New York will instinctively continue to pursue the same course, despite the figurative proofs of the Mayor's Message of the increasing blessings and cheapness of its government. Nor is it surprising that they should. Our taxation is so arranged that it presses with most force upon the classes most unable to pay. The very poor, being unable to change their place of residence, must stay, and be crowded, as we find them, in the tenement-houses. To the very rich life is possible anywhere; but the middle classes, who are still well enough off to retain some freedom of action, are being constantly driven away by the increased taxation and mismanagement of the city.

So that, disguise it as we will, New York is coming to be inhabited by only the very poor and the very rich; and this is not a desirable result. The difficulty also is that each year this tendency continues renders any redress more difficult, since it diminishes the number of those whose ability and whose interest it is to correct it.

#### Where It Belongs.

Mr. WELLS, in his report on the Internal Revenue, recommends the repeal of the taxes on Articles in Schedule A, which consist of carriages, gold watches, pianos, gold and silver plate, yachts and billiard-tables. The reasons for this recommendation are, "that although these taxes are laid mainly on articles of luxury, they are injurious to the people and trouble and expense,

to the Government than is commensurate with any revenue derivable from them."

Examining the tables which accompany the report, we find that the sums derived by the Treasury from this source were, in 1864, \$520,283; in 1865, \$780,208, and in 1866, \$1,693,123, being on an average of three years \$997,370.

Singularly enough, while it is proposed that the Government should remit these taxes because they are inquisitorial and difficult to collect, another source of revenue is opened which, while it is free from these objections, will go very far in its amount to compensate for the taxes it is proposed to relinquish. Our contemporary, the *New York Times*, in its impression of the 11th instant, in commenting upon an article which appeared in this paper, shows, from official returns, that the amount which the city railroad companies defraud the public reaches annually to no less than \$600,000, this being the sum or total of the seven-eighths of a cent extorted from passengers, under color of excuse by the companies that, being obliged to pay one-eighth of a cent to the Government, they cannot make change, and therefore charge one cent. We contended, and we are happy to see that the *Times* agrees with us, that this sum of \$600,000 belongs rightfully to the Government—in no case, certainly, to the railway companies—and for this reason, among others, that its collection was easy and inexpensive, we urged its substitution for other forms of taxation. Now, as the Commissioner advises the Treasury to do away with a certain amount of revenue, the collection of which is inquisitorial and expensive, it is only fair and just that this should, in a measure, be compensated by the Government taking from the city railroad companies what they collect in its name. We trust, with our contemporary, that this matter will have the speedy attention of our Government.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

The yacht race has been one of the most interesting subjects for discussion during the past week. We have now by mail the log of the voyage. It does not seem to have been "sailing on a summer sea" to cross the Atlantic in this weather. Though it seems very daring, yet any one of the yachts is larger than any vessel of the fleet in which Columbus discovered this country. Only one of his vessels, the admiral's ship, in which Columbus himself made the voyage, had a deck. They started however in the summer. The Mayflower was not as large as any one of the yachts, and it made the voyage over to this side, which is generally more tempestuous, meeting more contrary winds than sailing in the other direction, and landed here in the early winter. Yet still it was a good thing to do, and if the *Henrietta* will now only beat the royal yacht round the Isle of Wight next summer, it will be a new honor for the American eagle.

It is reported that a subscription has been commenced in England for the families of the men who were lost from the *Fleetwing*, and that they have already raised twenty-five thousand dollars in gold. The same movement is on foot here. The most singular result of such a subscription was attained in one commenced some little time ago in England. John Stokes was indicted for stealing a stick from a hedge, valued at one farthing, and by the county magistrate, who was probably more interested in the preservation of the hedges than the improvement of the peasantry, was condemned with unusual severity to be imprisoned for one month. As Stokes was poor, and had a family dependent upon him, of course such a punishment came very heavily upon them, and some philanthropist in the neighborhood called attention to their case in the *Times*, and offered to receive any subscriptions sent for their benefit. Stokes's defense was that he had taken the stick in order to build a fire for cooking food for his children. The case was one that appealed peculiarly to the charitably inclined. Subscriptions flowed in from all sides, and the committee found themselves embarrassed with the possession of some thousands of pounds. The question then was what to do with it. It would hardly do to make Stokes a wealthy man for life, because he had stolen a stick from a hedge valued at one farthing. Such a reward would, it was feared, set all the poor of England at work stealing sticks from the hedges, and what a condition would this be for the owners of land! Subscriptions would have to be taken up for them, and thus the matter might go on, being cast backward and forward, until the whole country became divided into two classes, the one being poor laborers stealing sticks from hedges, and the other impoverished land-holders, with all defense for their property destroyed. The moral effect which was expected to result from imprisonment would be entirely lost. Stokes, and men like him, would look upon the money as a reward for their prowess; and yet manifestly the money did not belong to the committee for any other use.

It was a most troublesome question, and sorely exercised the guid names. It was finally allowed, however, to drop, and the probability is that finally Stokes obtained something, and the rest disappeared, as subscriptions have a singular way of doing.

It seems that we are to have a new Post-office upon the lower end of the City Hall Park. We hope that the building will be a good one. In connection with this subject it will be in point to notice the letter sent by the most prominent architect of this and other cities to Lieutenant-Colonel Treadwell, who advertised for plans and specifications for new buildings for the War Department. The architects say, and with great justice, that they cannot afford to compete on the terms proposed. In the first place, there is no guarantee that the author of the accepted plan will be employed to build the building, and consequently no assurance that his plan will be carried out properly, nor is the reward offered for the successful plan equal to its value, and again there is no guarantee that the plan, if not accepted, will be returned. These objections of the architects are reasonable and well put, and should be made of service in obtaining plans for the new Post-office. The site this building will occupy is one of the best in the city, and should be so improved, as to be an ornament. It would also be well in designing the new building to remember that it is intended for the convenience of the public, and make it so that it will be easy to find the different departments, and with such accommodations that a postage-stamp can be obtained in it without wasting hours of valuable time. Together with a new building, it would be well to advertise for plans which will secure such offices and clerks in the department as will keep in mind that they are the servants of the public, and placed there to attend their wants.

The artists are said to be moving toward a petition to Congress, praying for a higher duty upon foreign works of art. The applicability of Bastiat's apostrophe was never greater than now: He wrote a petition from the

makers of tallow-candles, setting forth that their trade was intimately connected with the agricultural prosperity of the country, since the more tallow used the more oxen must be raised; and that they found the sun affording light gratuitously half the time, and that, consequently, therefore, if a law should be passed forbidding the opening of windows in houses for the admission of light, and thus forcing people to burn candles all the day-time, their consumption would be greatly increased, agriculture be greatly benefited, and the whole country made much more prosperous. The protection mania seems hardly more ridiculous in the artist. They have no reason to complain of want of encouragement. If our native pictures are good, they will not want protection; and if they are bad, the interest of the public demands that they should have none.

The *North American Review* has an article going to show that the story of Pocahontas, as told by Captain John Smith, is an entire fabrication. It is a pity if it is true, for it will remove the tenderest associations from the memory of the ancestor of all the first families of Virginia.

The Cornell Library was inaugurated recently in Ithaca. The building is a large one, and contains, on the lower story, offices which are let out, the rent going to help the funds of the library. Mr. Cornell, in his remarks upon the occasion, said, "that years ago he became convinced that it was a folly to hoard up treasures on earth, to bequeath in one's last will and testament, and to be disposed of probably by unwilling heirs or injudicious executors; and he decided that he would act the better part and give while he lived, and reap in his life-time at least the satisfaction and pleasure of seeing his benefactions do good to those for whom they were designed." Such a spirit cannot be too highly commended. We trust this library will be so managed as to be an educational aid to the community in the best sense. The influence of an institution like this, if properly managed, can be made incalculable. Books contain the record of the history of man, of the progress of thought and life. It lies buried in them as the precious metals lie hidden in the mines. The object of the officers of a library should be to point out where and how to search for this knowledge, so that the student should, not stand like an ingrate but ignorant man in a mineral region, desirous to commence his work, but not knowing where or how to begin, but like a miner going under the guidance of a trained and experienced geologist straight to the object of his search. The trouble is, however, that, with some bright exceptions, the officers of our libraries appear to be generally chosen with a most accurate eye to their want of proper qualification for the office.

#### Amusements in the City.

There have been very few marked features of interest in city amusements for the week ending Wednesday January 16th, though nearly all the theatres have been doing even exceptionally well. \* \* \* At the Broadway, at the beginning of the previous week, Mr. John G. Owens created marked feeling by his excellent and touching rendering of Grimaldi, in Bourcoul's "Violet," while Miss Celia Logan won scarcely less applause in her rôle of Violet. Mr. Owen concluded his round with Doctor Pangloss, Paul Pry, Solon Single, &c., and gave place on Saturday the 12th to the Worrell Sisters, who commenced what is sure to be a prosperous engagement, in "Cameraman and Badoura," on Monday evening the 14th. \* \* \* The Olympic Theatre was closed during the week ending the 12th, except on Tuesday evening the 8th, when Mr. Edmund De Mondion, a well-known New York editor, who is about adopting the stage, made a pleasant appearance there as Hamlet. On Monday evening the 14th, the Richings English Opera Troupe commenced a season there, with Miss Richings, Miss Harrison, Messrs. Campbell, Castle, Peakes, &c., of the opening performances of which we shall make additional mention in our next. \* \* \* Mr. Edwin Booth's principal feature at the Winter Garden has been his Brutus (the Elder) given on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and played with force and yet not in favorable comparison with many of other renderings. He played Sir Giles Overreach splendidly on Thursday evening the 10th, and an excellent Romeo, with the very charming Juliet of Mad. Methua Scheller, on Friday evening the 11th. \* \* \* Madame Ristori won one of the very best of her American successes, in the production of Camma at the Théatre Français. She gave a reading, to marked appreciation, at Steinway Hall on Friday evening the 8th, concluded her present season with matinee on Wednesday the 9th, and went West to Detroit, &c., at once, to return here in April. At Wallack's, Niblo's, and the New York, the three popular features of "Our," the "Black Crook" and "Cendrillon" continue to excellently houses. \* \* \* At Barnum's Mrs. G. C. Howard has been winning another of her excellent successes and drawing full houses, as Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," while the Van Amburgh Menagerie has also continued a marked attraction. \* \* \* Mr. John Brougham is playing successfully at Philadelphia; Mr. Dan Bryant is doing equally well amid the smoke of Pittsburg; and we hear of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul delighting every one in their appearances on their way Westward. \* \* \* The troupe of Wild Western Indians for the Paris Exposition has reached this city, for Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, and Mr. Palmer sailed for Europe on Wednesday in the China, to make arrangements for their reception there.

#### ART GOSSIP.

REGIS GIGOUX has now upon his easel a winter scene, the composition of which comprises a distant mountain range, a frozen pond, with skaters, in the foreground, and a bit of characteristic woodland to the left, contrasting with snow, tinged warmly by a glowing wintry sky.

A number of artists living in New York and elsewhere are engaged in organizing an American water-color society, of which we shall have more to say to our readers anon.

J. F. Weir's picture of the "Gun Foundry," to which we referred last week, is to be engraved in Paris.

Gilbert Burling is at work upon a picture for the next Academy Exhibition; subject, a bevy of quails, life-size, feeding and huddling together in snow.

A marble statue of Forrest, in the character of Coriolanus, has lately been finished by Ball, the sculptor. It is said to be a remarkable study of massive musculation.

For some time previous to the 7th instant there was on view at the Leeds Art Gallery a large collection of pictures by artists of the French and other European schools. From the world-wide reputation of Gustave Doré as an illustrator of books, such paintings by him as have found their way to this country have always been viewed with much interest by connoisseurs, and, in most cases, with a corresponding degree of disappointment. In the exhibition just referred to, we saw a painting by this artist, entitled the "Desecration of Christ." Like Doré's works in black and white, this picture exhibits great force; but there is something absolutely revolting in the types of character selected by the artist, and this to a greater extent, even, than in "The Mountebanks," exhibited in the Cadart collection of last year. The two pictures by the same artist in the present exhibition arranged by M. Cadart have also a depressing influence on the beholder. The one of wild flowers and butterflies is painted upon a scale altogether too gigantic for the subject, and it affects one like an opium-dream. That of the pine trees, too, would have been better if painted on a smaller scale, the quantity of canvas devoted to the subject failing to aid the idea of grandeur thus attempted to be conveyed.

At the Somerville Art Gallery, No. 92 Fifth avenue, there was on view during the past week a collection of thirty-four pictures, large and small, painted by Mr. Alexander Wust during his late absence in Europe. Many of these pictures embody subjects taken from the rugged scenery of Norway, Switzerland and the wilder districts of the North American Continent, and they have been treated by the artist with a boldness in keeping with their savage character. The "Mountain Torrent in Norway" figured at the Hague Exhibition of last

year, when it was honored by the award of the Gold Medal. Mr. Wust is very happy in the rendering of moonlight effects; his power in this being exemplified in several of the pictures exhibited, especially the one entitled "Moonlight in the Forest, Hague." The collection was sold by auction, at the gallery, on Monday evening last, and we shall probably have something to say in our next regarding the prices brought by the pictures.

The value of a name in art matters is illustrated in the case of Meissner, perhaps more than in that of any other artist of the present day. Among the pictures sold at the Leeds Gallery, on the 7th instant, was a very slight pencil sketch by the artist referred to, representing two persons engaged in conversation. This little production, which had nothing remarkable about it, brought the disproportionate price of \$375. Had it been placed on view as the work of some artist as yet unknown to fame, it might, perhaps, have been knocked down for something like \$5, exclusive of the frame. There is something in a name, after all.

After many delays, chiefly consequent upon the irreconcileable contingencies belonging to a "move," Mr. Louis Lang has at last brought into full operation his School of Art for Ladies, in the new building on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, entrance on Broadway. Having been present on two or three occasions while the arrangements for the new studio here were in operation, we were much struck by the immense amount of chattels, of every possible description almost, accumulated by artists in the course of years.

Exclusive of works of art, the "properties" of Meissner, Lang and Kentsell, on the occasion of this removal from their old quarters in the Waverly House, would have borne evidence to the prosperity of a first-class theatre. Few customers could exhibit a greater variety of dresses than those belonging to the wardrobe of the lady known as the "lay figure," whose removal to her new lodgings on the occasion referred to must have involved a large procession of carts. There are no fewer than ten rooms in the suite of studios in question, one portion being occupied by Mr. G. A. Baker. The apartments arranged by Mr. Lang for the instruction of ladies in the arts of painting, modeling and music, are very spacious and elegantly fitted up, and the lighting of the entire floor has been contrived upon an improved and efficacious plan.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE ART JOURNAL.** New York: Virtue & Yorkston, No. 12 Dec street.

The December number contains three beautiful steel engravings, "The Post-Boy," from a painting by F. Goodall; "The Confessional," from a painting by Sir David Wilkie; and "The Falconer," from a sculpture by Carew, besides a number of fine wood engravings. The literary department, as usual, has valuable articles on art and collateral subjects, among which are "Eccllesiastical Vestments," by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, and "Memories of the Authors of the Age," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, both illustrated. The volume which will commence with the January number will contain an illustrated catalogue of the Paris Exhibition.

**THE AMERICAN ART JOURNAL.** HENRY C. Watson, editor. New York: 806 Broadway.

This popular journal comes to us regularly, with its valuable weekly record of music, art and literature. Among the articles and subjects treated of are art matters and matters theatrical, reviews of new music, lives of the early painters, and musical gossip. We congratulate Mr. Watson on the widely increasing circulation of his journal; it is now constantly quoted in the leading musical and art journals of Europe.

**ROBERT M. DE WITT.** No. 13 Frankfort street, now publishes most of Captain Mayne Reid's books. No more agreeable present could be made to a boy than a complete set of the works of this popular author.

"The Hunter's Feast," one of the best, if not the very best, will shortly be commenced in *Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, as a continued story, accompanied by the original illustrations.

#### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

**THE COMPLETE PHONOGRAPHER.** By James E. Munson. New York: Robert H. Johnson & Co., 64 Nassau street.

**MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE.** By Eugene Sue. Translated by Mary L. Booth. New York: Clark, 448 Broome street.

**MARGARET HAMILTON.** By Mrs. C. J. Newby. New York: Frederic A. Brady, 22 Ann street.

#### Disgraceful Scene in the Board of Councilmen.

We represent this week upon our front page two scenes; the first is the row in the Council Chamber of the City Hall among the Councilmen, who are supposed to be the guardians of the interests of New York. This numerous body is composed of twenty-five members; of these thirteen are Democrats and twelve not. At a Democratic caucus of thirteen members, all the matters of election of officers had been satisfactorily settled. Mr. John Stacom was to be made President and Mr. Haggerty, Clerk. To this caucus, it is alleged, Mr. James G. Brinkman came in the guise of a good and true Democrat. But, lo! when the election came off, it was found that Mr. Brinkman had made an arrangement with the other party of twelve, by which, if they would vote for him for President, he would vote for himself, making thus thirteen and a majority, and they should have the other offices among themselves. This ingeniously honest arrangement was carried honestly out, and Mr. Brinkman was elected President, and Mr. John E. Green, Clerk. Of course there was the same rage among the disappointed that there is when beasts find themselves despoiled of their prey. It was therefore determined to wreak vengeance upon the offending traitor. On Thursday, the 10th of January, 1867, at the first meeting of the Board, this conspiracy culminated, Mr. Brinkman being in the chair, a dispute arose concerning the adoption of the minutes of the last meeting, Councilman Stacom, the defeated candidate, moving that all relating to "the election of the President be struck out, because he was a perjuror. Hereupon arose a dispute, which culminated in Councilman Long throwing an inkstand at the august head of the President, which fortunately fell short of its aim, but, being a good line shot, struck the desk and bespattered the President with ink. Upon this signal, there was a general rush of the friends of the defeated twelve, who had turned out in large force, and armed, for the purpose of aiding in the expected row; a pistol was drawn by Mr. Brinkman, and he and Councilman Long were both arrested by the police, who were fortunately on the spot, and carried before the Mayor. This is the scene represented in our second illustration. The ribald profanity with which these two city rulers bespattered each other in the presence of the Mayor could not be repeated here. His Honor finally dismissed them upon their own recognizances to keep the peace.

Such a crowd of horribly desperate ruffians as had gathered in the meantime about the court are seldom seen congregated together. The whole affair shows so conclusively what the government of New York is, that decent men may congratulate themselves upon its having occurred, since it will most probably lead to the immediate abolition of the Common Council of New York by the Legislature.

A FRENCH work recently published maintains that every ten thousand years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvenel, the last of those deluges occurred 4,550 years ago; the next one is due in 6,000 years more. M. Jouvenel recounts the great cosmical drama with the vigor and pictorial effect of an eye-witness.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

— A Mr. Osterhaus recently sent to the Secretary of the Treasury a check for \$300, as a restitution of the sum which he had cheated the Government of, and gained a reputation for virtue thereby. It is now found that the check was a worthless one; so that, perhaps, Mr. Osterhaus may gain a reputation as a practical joker.

— It is said that the chief Boston hotel-keepers intend closing their establishments if the liquor law is enforced. They think such a course would hurt the city more than it would themselves.

— The question is asked why the Board of Education have a rule that their women-teachers are paid less than men? Why make the question of wages one of sex, instead of leaving it upon its proper basis—that is, on the amount and excellence of the work done?

— The Memphis Post has discovered that General Forrest was not instrumental in the massacre of Fort Pillow; Miss Bacon also discovered that Shakespeare did not write his plays; Richard III. has been found to have been a handsome man, comely in person and amiable in character; while the ancient Pharaohs have recently been rehabilitated by one of their admirers, and shown to be a most praiseworthy set of modest, unassuming, pious patriots.

— The latest sensation preparing for the literary and metaphysical world is a volume by Stephen Pearl Andrews, entitled, "The Basic Outline of Universology, and Introduction to the Newly-Discovered Science of the Universe, Its Elementary Principles, and the First Stages of Their Development in the Special Sciences: Together with a Preliminary Account of Alwato, the Newly-Discovered Scientific, Universal Language, Developed from the Principles of Universology."

— At the auction sale of the Ganbare pictures, "The Dance in Rome," by Alma Tadema, one of the best pictures of the collection, full of character and careful archaeological study, brought \$1,300; "The Critic," by Meissner, in his minute style of finish, \$5,250—a high price for a small picture; and others proportionately high or low prices. "The King Canulius," by Gerome, was not sold, being held above \$4,350, the price bid for it. The whole collection brought \$37,000.

— Mr. Peabody has presented \$20,000 to the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a fund for the publication of their proceedings and the preservation of their historical portraits. The society passed the accustomed vote of thanks.

— A National Convention of the colored persons of the United States is in session in Washington. John M. Loughton, of Ohio, was elected President. Delegates are in attendance from Alabama, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kansas, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Arkansas and other States. They desire, among other things, to petition Congress, issue an address to the people of the country and take other suitable measures for educating public opinion to the point of doing them justice. They also intend petitioning Congress to remove the tax upon cotton, or else make it discriminating for the various grades.

— The whereabouts of the Head Centre Stephens is a subject of great interest to those who are curious in matters of mystery. The centre is a point, and has consequently only position, and, in fact, this would seem to be the reality of the case.

— A crowded meeting of the Polytechnic Club was held on the evening of the 10th, under the presidency of Professor Tillman. The subject for the evening was "A New Theory of the Formation of Planetary Systems," which was opened by Professor Grimes, who took exception to La Place's nebular theory. A discussion followed the expression of this gentleman's views.

## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



THE PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, CITY GARDENS, CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Our illustrations for this week from the foreign papers are unusually varied and interesting.

two hundred and eighty persons. The building is constructed with all the modern appliances for comfort. The company has already built several other blocks of improved dwellings, and now proposes to enlarge its capital and build accommodations for about five hundred families.



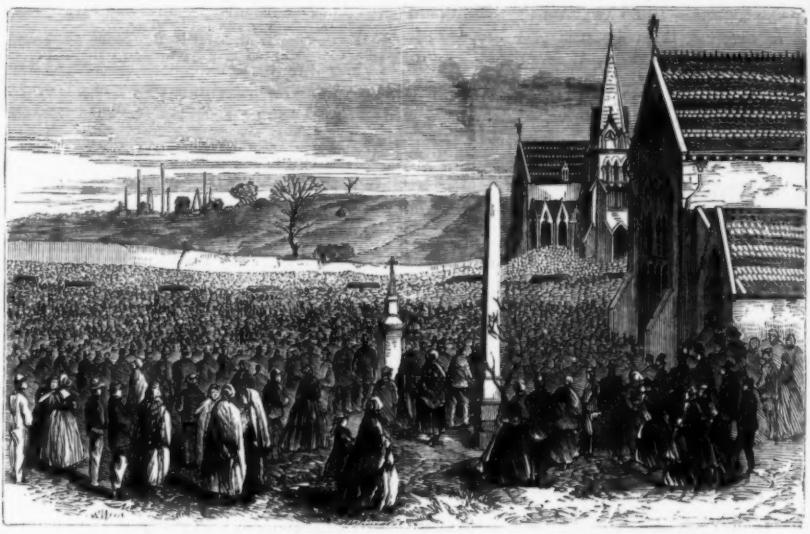
THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH CORPS TAKING THEIR LEAVE OF THE POPE.

using their sagacity or their charms. Many of the Parisian women are well known as speculators, and the gossip goes that in this city there are some of the fairer sex who are distinguished for boldness and sagacity in their operations upon the Stock Exchange. It is not, perhaps, a desirable field for women, but may not be

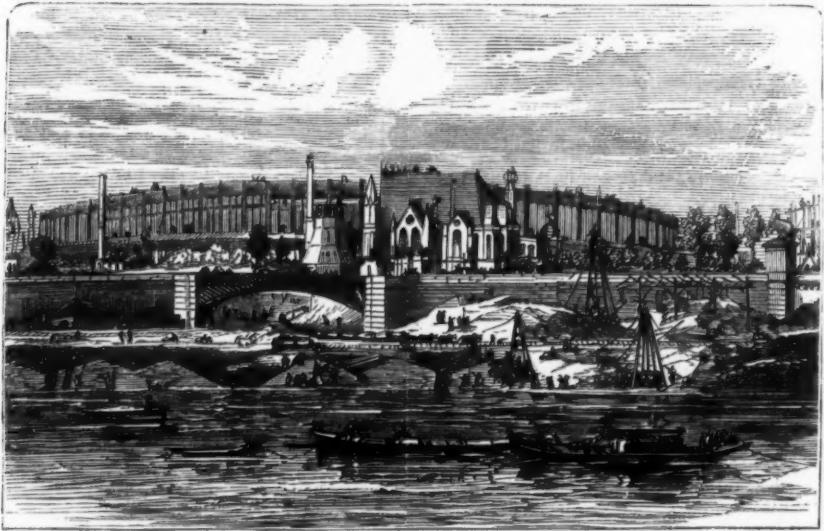
building for the Great Exhibition of 1867, in Paris. The work is pushed forward with great energy, and, as seen in the print, is rapidly approaching completion. The size of the building, and the completeness of the arrangements made for obtaining the fullest and completest material for illustrating the industry of the world, will



SPECULATORS AT THE CAFE, NEAR THE BOURSE, PARIS.



BURYING THE VICTIMS OF THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT BARNESLEY, ENGLAND.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING FROM THE QUAY DE BILLY.

The series commences with the  
**The Palmerston Buildings, City Gardens,  
City Road, London.**

This is a set of lodgings built by the "Improved Industrial Dwellings Company," and will accommodate

## Speculators at the Cafe.

One of the very few places of public interest in Paris to which women are not admitted is the Bourse. The illustration is taken from one of the *cafés* which abound in the vicinity of the Paris Stock Exchange, and here we see the women who have a speculative tendency exer-



FILLING THE CUPOLA SHAFT AT OAKS COLLIERY, BARNESLEY, ENGLAND, IN ORDER TO STOP THE DRAFT.

worse for them than for men. At any rate, it can hardly be expected in these days that the women should be expected to refrain from anything they desire to do.

The Building for the Great Exhibition,  
Paris.

This illustration shows the progress made in the

certainly result in giving more interest and value to this Exhibition than has been heretofore attained by any other. It will be a great privilege to make one of the crowds which will fill Paris during its continuance.

## The Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

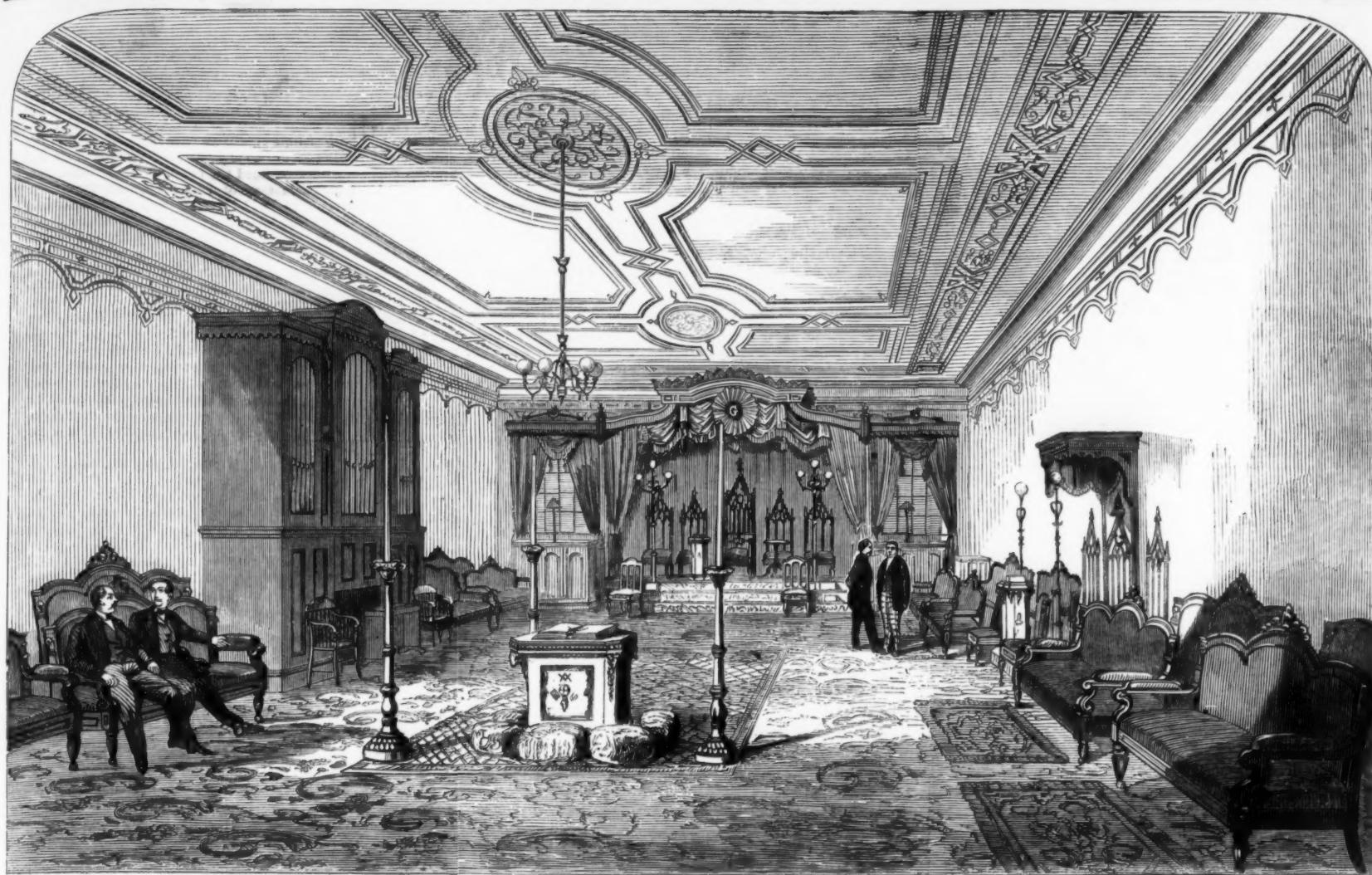
This view is of one of the inner series of Boule-



THE BOULEVARD OF THE CAPUCINES, PARIS.



THE "BLACK COUNTRY" ROUND WOLVERHAMPTON, ENGLAND.



NEW MASONIC LODGE-ROOM OF KANE LODGE, CORNER OF TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND BROADWAY, N. Y., DEDICATED ON SATURDAY, JAN. 5TH.

yards, which extend in a circle about Paris. It will be a favorite resort for many of the Americans who will attend the next exhibition. Its *cafés* and brilliant shops make it a favorite place of resort, and the constant animation of the crowds attracted by its central position forms an untiring amusement for the idlers sitting in front of the *cafés* during the summer evenings, smoking, gossiping and refreshing themselves with some simple and innocuous refreshment. The want of some similar resource for passing a vacant hour, is one of the greatest wants in this city.

#### The French Officers Taking Leave of the Pope on Leaving Rome.

Another of our illustrations represents the officers of the French army of occupation taking leave of the Pope prior to their evacuation of Rome. This is one of the most important events of the day, and will open the new future for Italy. Without the presence and interference of foreign powers, the national unity of Italy will have an opportunity to grow, until in the future she will equal the influence of her past in Europe.

#### Burying the Victims of the Colliery Explosion at Barnsley, England.

In our issue for last week we gave an illustration of the great colliery explosion at Barnsley, England, in which as many lives were lost as are frequently taken in a battle. This week we have two illustrations continuing the subject. The first is burying the victims. The loss of life may be estimated from the fact that the funeral procession of the victims who had been extricated from the various shafts extended four miles in length. The fearful character of the accident has caused, of course, the greatest excitement in the surrounding country. Our next illustration connected with this sad subject is

#### Filling the Cupola Shaft at Oaks Colliery, Barnsley, England, in Order to Stop the Draft.

This illustration shows one of the devices used to stop the conflagration in the coal-pits, caused by the explosion. The mouth of the pit was covered with a platform, upon which was rammed a covering of mud and mortar, in order to stop the supply of air, and thus smother the fire.

#### The Black Country Round Wolverhampton, England.

We represented week before last the ceremonies of inauguration of the statue of Prince Albert at Wolverhampton; and give now a forcible cut of the appearance of the surrounding manufacturing country, known as the "black country," from the constant cloud of smoke vomited forth by the chimneys, which, when seen from the railroad in passing, look as thick as the trees of a forest. In dashing through this part of England upon a railroad train at night, there is a lurid glow cast over the whole landscape, by the fires which frequently flame above the chimneys, and giving a startling singularity of effect, which is well reproduced in our illustration.

#### JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN.

Our portrait of James Gordon Bennett, Jun., the owner of the *Henrietta*, the winner in the late ocean yacht race, is from a photograph taken by Brady. It represents him in the yacht dress. Mr. Bennett is the only son of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and has most successfully commenced his career. He was the only one of the proprietors of the yachts engaged in the race who went personally in his vessel. The pluck of this and the interest the English feel in all sporting matches, has made him quite a lion in England, and he has engaged to sail a race round the Isle of Wight next August with Prince Alfred. Mr. Bennett made a challenge to the world, and it is said it was accepted by Prince Alfred at the suggestion of his mother, Queen Victoria. The Prince will sail his yacht, the *Viking*. The daring shown in crossing the Atlantic in a pleasure-boat has excited not only great attention in England, but all over Europe, and the yachtsmen are invited to Paris and St. Petersburg. The yacht cruise has commenced a series of similar exploits which will keep the European correspondents busy for the rest of the year.

GREAT thoughts are not produced amid noise and mirth. The mind's thunderbolts, like the clouds, are forged in silence and darkness.

#### The Masonic Lodge-Room of the Kane Lodge.

We give a view of the new Masonic Lodge-room of the Kane Lodge, situated at the corner of Twenty-second street and Broadway, which was dedicated on Saturday evening, January 5th, 1866. The Lodge is named in honor of Kane, the enterprising

Arctic explorer. The occasion was a most satisfactory one to all who participated in it.

#### Winter Evening Private Theatricals.

Our double page illustration for this issue is a scene of private theatricals. The play, in this instance,

is "Blue Beard." This delightful style of domestic entertainment is quite in favor now, and on the increase. Besides the innocent enjoyment it affords to all ages, it can be made a means of genuine cultivation to the young, and its increase is a ground for congratulation.

#### A Lady Keeper of the Great Seal.

The Great Seal is not often seen in the weak hands of children or women. Infant monarchs have dropped the broad pieces into the eager fingers of newly-appointed keepers, and queens of England have placed the lumps of pestiferous metal upon the open palms of Chancellors; but when a woman beneath the rank of a queen is discovered with the *Clavis Regis* in her grasp, she is in most cases merely surrendering the bauble which fate has forbidden her husband to carry any longer. Thus history exhibits Francis Bacon's mother making delivery of the seal after her husband's death; and in like manner, when Whitelock could no further protract his game of timorous ambition, Lady Whitelock carried to Lenthal the Great Seal, which her husband could not without peril retain for another day. That mother of many children was full of anxious fear when she was ushered into Mr. Speaker's presence, and proffered him the box which contained the republican device. As he took the key from her trembling hand, and looked down upon her pale face, doubtless Mr. Speaker cheered her heart by inquiring with significant kindness for the health of the lawyer who had wisely deputed her to act for him.

One case there is, however, where the Great Seal is found in the hands of a woman appointed to act as custodian of her sovereign's conscience, and to discharge the functions of a Lord Chancellor.

The lady thus originally preferred above the rest of her sex was Eleanor of Provence—the beautiful, lavish, witty, extortionate queen who wrote a poem in her native tongue ere she had completed her fourteenth year; plundered the worthy citizens of London at her quay—styled Queenhithe even to this day; enraged nobles and churchmen by the favors which she distributed amongst her relations; narrowly escaped death at the hands of the London citizens, who would fain have drowned her for a witch; and, after countless strange experiences, closed her career in the religious quietude of a holy house. Legend and chronicle preserve the memory of her singular grace and lively humor, the brightness of her jewels, and the splendor of her state, her unjust acts and evil fame. Piers of Langtoft sings:

"Heury, owre Kynge, at Westminster tuke to wyfe  
Th' Earle's daughter of Provence, the fayrest  
Maye in life.  
Her name Elinore, of gentle nuture;  
Beyond the sea there was no such creature."

But of all the strange accidents which befell the fair and false mother of Edward I., her elevation to the post of Lady Keeper was perhaps the most laughable. Having occasion to cross the sea and visit Gascony, A. D. 1253, Henry III. made her Keeper of the Seal during his absence; and in that character she in her own person presided in the *Aula Regia*, hearing causes, and, it is to be feared, forming decisions less in accordance with justice than her own private interests. Never did judge set law and equity more fearfully at naught. Not content with the exorbitant sums which she wrung from the merchants whom she compelled to unload their ships at her royal hithc, the Lady Keeper required the City to pay her a large sum—due to her, as she pretended, from arrears of "queen gold"; and when Richard Picard and John de Northampton, sheriffs of London, had the presumption to resist this claim, she very promptly packed them off to the Marshalsea. Having thus disposed of the sheriffs, she, on equally unlawful grounds, subjected the Lord Mayor to like treatment.

But the great event during her tenure of the seals was the birth of her daughter Catharine, on St. Catherine's Day, 1263. The Keeper of the Seals was not actually delivered on the bed of justice; but with only a slight departure from literal truth, the historian may affirm that the little princess was born upon the wool-sack.

At a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, is a tablet, informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings; half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR., OWNER OF THE HENRIETTA, AND WINNER OF THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, N. Y.

**"ONLY A BRAKEMAN KILLED."**

JOSIE, my own, my Orient pearl,  
My Hebe, my coffee bearer!  
The draft you have brought, my beautiful girl,  
Is the drink of the gods, or rarer.  
The toast is brown on the ruddy hearth,  
And the steak is done to a turning,  
For what can a mortal ask more on the earth,  
Than that neither shall show the burning?

There is only one thing I can ask, my love,  
And that is the morning paper;  
They are all the gifts from the Heavens above,  
The fuel to feed our life's taper.  
Come sit by my side, and butter my toast,  
While our fragrant cups are glowing,  
And thou shalt act as my fairy-like host,  
While I read how the world is going.

Ah! here we've some items of interest rare;  
A swindler, absconder and forger;  
A pickpocket with a magnificent air,  
And a wife who is playing the Borgia.  
The tale of a father who slaughters his child,  
Of a statesman who cambers his station,  
A scoundrel of a temple of justice defiled,  
And a summary up of the nation.

And here is an accident done on the rail,  
Through the drunkenness of a stoker,  
Ah! this is somewhat like a readable tale,  
And this fellow somewhat of a joker.  
"While the four o'clock train from Beersheba to  
Dan,  
Was waiting at Smithville Station,  
There appeared on the engine a wild-looking  
man,  
A stoker, we think, on probation.

"Before they could stop him, the fellow had  
fled  
With the train and its human cargo,  
And a shriek went up that might waken the  
dead,  
Till a switch had put on an embargo.  
Three cars and an engine were crushed into  
shreds;  
Three cars all with humans filled;  
Some had broken bones, and some scarified  
heads,  
But only a brakeman killed."

What! only a brakeman killed? Ah, well,  
What a fortunate thing for the others!  
Why some of those passengers might—who can  
tell?

Have had sisters, or wives, or mothers.  
And some of them might have been rich or  
great,  
Lived in houses of stately build,  
But now they can smile at the choosings of fate,  
There is only a brakeman killed.

Of course, on the spot, a subscription was made,  
For a decent coffin and shroud,  
And the company, doubtless, extended its aid,  
Though nothing by law is allowed.  
They must pay for the passengers' broken bones,  
Their bruises and scratches must gild,  
But the law speaks out in its positive tones,  
No price for a brakeman killed.

What's this, in another account, that I see:  
"The brakeman, who yesterday died,  
From the crash on the road, leaves a widow—  
bless me!  
And seven small children beside."  
There should be a law to prevent, I declare,  
These brakemen from marrying wives,  
Men shouldn't have children who always are  
where  
They are stupidly risking their lives.

**MY STEPMOTHER.**

## CHAPTER I.—VAN.

As we sat waiting for dinner, my stepmother entered, followed by a stranger, whom she introduced to Clara as Dr. Damer. The name arrested my attention; for though it was long since I had heard it, once it had been household word. I was in my usual refuge, the curtained alcove, and remained unseen, watching the new comer as he stood talking to his hostess and her daughter. A peculiar face, but singularly attractive; grave and dark and a little haughty, yet capable of softening suddenly with an enchanting smile: the eyes were black and penetrating; the voice possessed the charm which long use of more melodious languages than our harsh English never fails to give; and his bearing was a pleasant mingling of dignity and deference. My recollections of the boy Damer were vivid, but in Damer the man I saw little to remind me of my early friend, and fancied that twelve years of absence had made an almost impassable gulf between us.

Neither my stepmother nor Clara knew him, except through the letters which my father had received from time to time from the young man, who had been his ward, but both treated him as an old friend; Clara shed her brightest smiles upon him, and her mother was a model of matronly cordiality. Now I understood why Clara had made a grand toilet, why my stepmother had set her house in order without assigning any reason for the unusual bustle, and why I had been kept in ignorance of the expected guest. I was used to being put in the background and treated as a child, and never had resented these slights, though I felt them deeply. Now, however, I rebelled; for with increasing years I became conscious of my rights, and only waited for some sufficiently exciting circumstance to give me courage to assert them. The moment came at last, and I seized it. Knowing that Damer had been my dear father's ward and my own childish playmate, I felt that it was a double wrong not to tell me of his return and prepare me to welcome him to his

old home. As I sat watching the group, these thoughts passed through my mind, and a few words of the conversation which I overheard confirmed my resolution. As Damer answered my stepmother's inquiries regarding his past life and present plans, his eyes frequently wandered to the door, and presently, as no mention was made of me, he asked, abruptly:

"Is not Grace at home?"

"I think not," replied his hostess, with a slight shrug. "The child is so peculiar in her habits that I never know what freak she may take into her head, or where she may be at any hour of the day or night."

"She has forgotten her old playmate, perhaps?" he said, knitting his black brows, though he smiled as he spoke.

"This neglect looks as if she had. But you must remember she was a mere child when you left, and could hardly be expected to remember you so long."

"Is she like her mother?" he asked, as if the other subject was not an agreeable one.

"Only in her feeble health and capricious temper; at least we think so—you may not. I have done my best, but she is a frail creature."

A glance full of maternal pride fell on her own handsome daughter as my stepmother spoke, and Damer's eye rested admiringly on the blooming face for a moment, then turned to a portrait just above, and lingered there long and lovingly. It was my mother's picture—a lovely woman, with Oriental depth of coloring in the soft glow of the olive cheek, the dark, abundant hair, the slumbering fire of the melancholy eyes. My own filled as I looked, and tender recollections of a happy time when that sweet-faced woman cradled me in her arms, and a tall lad purchased kisses with flowers, touched my heart, and made me long to be all that Damer desired to find me.

A sudden whim took possession of me, and without pausing for reflection, I obeyed the girlish impulse. I was like my mother, though far less beautiful. This I knew, and a glance into the tiny mirror on my fan assured me that momentary excitement heightened the resemblance. In the picture my mother wore white; a cluster of pomegranate flowers glowed in her hair; a little amulet of antique gold shone on her neck, and she leaned smilingly forward from a background of warm-hued drapery. I was in white as usual, and, pulling off my black sash, I shook my curly loose on my shoulders, took a knot of crimson roses from a vase on the table, and placed them like those painted flowers. The antique amulet I always wore, the wine-colored curtains of the alcove served for a background, and, stepping noiselessly out, I leaned a little forward, smiling involuntarily as I fancied the surprise and annoyance my freak would cause the three persons tranquilly chatting with averted eyes. Clara saw me first, and her face darkened with an irrepressible frown. The change was instantly observed by her mother, who shot a glance at me which would have daunted a more timid girl. Damer's quick eye followed theirs. He paused abruptly in the middle of a sentence, looked tentatively for a moment, smiled that sudden smile of his, and came toward me, with both hands extended.

"Is it really little Grace, and not the picture come down from its frame to meet me?" he said, as I gave him my hand, and laughed the happiest laugh that had left my lips for months.

"Yes, it is really the 'little playmate,' who has never forgotten you, and who would have been the first to welcome you if she had been told you were coming. I am glad, very glad, to see you back, Van."

The cordial greeting, the familiar name, the confiding look I gave him, seemed to touch and please him—to banish the long years that had changed boy and girl to man and woman, and to recall the happy past again. He bent his head as if to kiss me, checked himself suddenly, and eyed me with a merry mixture of doubt and daring in his face. The look, the act, were so like the lad of old, that I forgot my eighteen years and offered him my cheek, saying, as frankly as when a little child:

"You may, Van, if you want to."

He laughed the laugh I remembered so well, and, bending his tall head, gave me a kiss on either cheek, in the old fashion.

"Grace, you forget yourself!"

My stepmother's stern voice recalled us both. Damer drew my hand through his arm with a decided gesture, and, feeling strong in my new ally, I boldly faced the enemy.

"Can't help it, mamma; if you don't prepare me for surprises you must not expect me to behave with Clara's elegant propriety. As for forgetting myself, I heartily wish I could."

"Hadn't you better run away, dear, and let nurse make your hair tidy? It isn't nice to look theatrical off the stage, you know," said Clara, with well-feigned sisterly solicitude.

"Thank you, love, I'm very comfortable. Van likes my hair in this untidy way, and the roses are from the vine he planted long ago. You have made such a fine toilet to-day there is no need of my exerting myself."

Damer's eye had gone rapidly from face to face during this little passage-of-arms, and I hoped he caught a glimpse into the state of things. My stepmother sighed an aggravating sigh, and gave a significant shake of her head, while Clara cast down her eyes with the air of a martyr. They always did so after goading me to some sharp speech or some display of temper. Usually I begged pardon and felt humbled, but now I only shrugged my shoulders and spoke out more frankly still, determined to have my position understood before any unfair statements could be made.

"You see, I am as wild and willful as ever, more so, perhaps, because for several years I have had no one to care for me. I am what you see, a woman treated like a child, an orphan without a true friend in the world, an heiress who can buy neither liberty, health nor happiness."

My voice broke there, and a scene would have

ensued had not dinner fortunately been announced. Damer offered his arm to his hostess, who was pale with anger. Clara gave me a furious look as she passed, and I followed, swallowing my tears as best I could. Of course no allusion was made to my outbreak; only safe subjects were discussed, and soon no signs of emotion were visible on any face. But it was an uncomfortable meal, and all were glad to make a lovely sunset the pretext for leaving the table as soon as possible.

"Stay on the terrace, Grace, it is too damp for you in the shrubbery. Remain with the poor child, Clara, and amuse her, while I show Mr. Damer the improvements we have made." And as she spoke my stepmother led her guest away.

"Yes, mamma, with pleasure," answered Clara, with charming alacrity, but the instant her backs were turned she said, with a vicious look: "How dare you make such a spectacle of yourself and talk in that mad way before dinner?"

"If you say another word to me I'll go straight after them and tell Van that you paint, wear false sashes, and have a terrible temper," was my amiable response.

Clara was afraid of me in such moods, and hastily departed lest I should execute my threat. I laughed at her flight, and then became absorbed in watching the pair, who paced slowly to and fro on the broad walks below. They were not looking at the improvements, and something of an unusual interest was under discussion I knew from the expression of their faces, the subdued tones of their voices, and their entire disregard of falling dew and deepening twilight. I could hear nothing, but felt instinctively that they talked of me. My stepmother spoke rapidly, Damer listened intently, asked a question now and then, and several times made a brief entry in a notebook. Like most sensitive persons it made me nervous to be talked about, and as I sat there I worked myself into a fever trying to imagine why I was the subject of that long and earnest conversation.

The appearance of lights in the drawing-room and the sound of Clara's piano seemed to recall them. As they approached, I heard my stepmother say, impressively:

"To no one but yourself would I confide this matter, but I have faith in your skill, and confidence in your discretion. I may depend on you?"

"You may, madam; I shall do my best." As he spoke they saw me sitting in the dark, and my stepmother began at once, in the softly anxious tone, which always irritated me because it was only used in public and I hated deceit:

"Imprudent child, why are you out so late?"

"I was out three hours later last night, and you did not care. Clara is not pleasant company, so I staid with the bats in preference," I answered, sharply.

I thought Damer would speak so that I might by my change of tone and manner show that I could be amiable if I chose. But he said nothing, only regarded me with a penetrating look which I could not bear, so I entered the room before them to escape it. Clara turned smiling from the instrument, leaving a brilliant air unfinished. Now Damer spoke, and spoke enthusiastically, of music, but I would not listen, for I was angry with all of them, and remained in my recess. Damer never looked toward me, nor showed by any sign that he was conscious of my presence, yet I felt sure that he knew what I was doing, how I looked, and why I kept aloof. This fancy excited me curiously, and an irresistible attraction drew me nearer and nearer till I stood beside him, as he turned the leaves while Clara sang to him. She was a good musician; I loved music, and as I listened I grew quieter, forgot where I was, and fell into a reverie, with my eyes on my mother's picture which hung before us. A sudden break in the song roused me, as Clara paused to turn a leaf, for Damer had forgotten his duty. I glanced at him, and saw that his eyes were fixed upon my shadow, which was thrown large and dark upon the wall behind me. At first I thought he, too, was musing, but his eyes had not the absent expression of one absorbed in thought; they were alert, intent, and fixed with unmistakable interest upon the shadow that trembled on the wall. I watched him several minutes, but he seemed unconscious of my regard till I whispered, nervously:

"What are you doing to my shadow?"

"Trying an experiment," he answered, without moving.

"Does it succeed?"

"Admirably; are you afraid?" Here he turned and looked down at me with the same intent expression.

"No; why do you ask?"

"I heard your heart beat. Does it always flutter in this way?"

"Yes, when I'm angry or excited."

"Which are you now?"

"Excited."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you another time."

"You need not, I can guess it."

"That is impossible."

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you can."

He glanced over his shoulder, but my stepmother was busy with her netting, and Clara was carefully executing the last trills of her song unconscious of the whispered dialogue going on behind her. Bending, he said with a glance as keen as it was kind:

"You think that we have been talking of you, and you fancy that the old friend may change. Banish that fear, and trust him always. Will you?"

"I'll try."

"Good!"

And with that one word emphatically uttered, he turned to thank the singer for her song.

"Now, Dr. Damer, let us see the Indian curi-

sities of which you spoke at dinner. It will be a charming amusement to look at them and hear their histories," said Clara, half an hour afterward as conversation began to flag.

Damer assented, and ordered in a cedar chest, about which we gathered eagerly. Putting the key into my hand, he bade me open it and dispose of its contents as I pleased. Back flew the lid, and a delicious perfume of mingled musk and sandal-wood filled the room. With careful hands and exclamations of delight I unfolded case after case of rare and lovely things. Indian muslins exquisitely wrought; brilliant scarfs and costly shawls; carved coral, ivory and amber ornaments; perfumes in dainty flasks; quaint fans of painted palm or gorgeous feathers; silks, soft and rich as those one fancies that sultanas wear, and endless toys, curious, grotesque or beautiful. For a time we only turned these over admiring, questioning and exclaiming, but Clara longed to appropriate also, and soon urged me to divide the gifts.

"Take what you like; mamma choose first, then you, and what is left can be distributed among our friends. I so seldom have anything to give away, it will be charming to offer these lovely things. You were very kind to think of us, Van."

I looked up at him as I spoke, and met an answering smile that warmed my heart. He glanced from Clara and her mother, absorbed in providing generously for themselves, to me sitting on the carpet, with nothing but a little sandal-wood case in my hand.

"What will you keep for yourself?" he asked.

"I forgot myself, that was not grateful of me. I'll have this pretty carved box and whatever may be in it. How does it open? Here is a key-hole, but no key."

"I have the key—" there Damer paused, looking a little disturbed, I thought, then added, as he took a tiny key from his watch-guard, "That box was only put among these things for safe keeping. There is nothing pretty or valuable in it, and it is not worth your acceptance."

"Is it yours, then?"

"It was, till you made it yours by expressing a wish for it."

"I beg your pardon; pray take it back. The pretty carving struck my fancy, but I will have this charming fan instead."

I reluctantly put down the box and offered Damer the key which he had handed me.

"You look as if you wanted to know what was in the little casket, do you?" he asked.

"I am intensely curious to see what this thing is which is neither pretty nor valuable, and yet is guarded so carefully. Would you mind if I peeped?"

"Not at all, only don't be frightened."

I turned the key in haste, and gave a little cry as the lid flew back, for within lay that ugliest of reptiles, a cobra capella.

"Oh, Van, what a horrible treasure! Why do you get it? Where did it come from? How did you get it? Do tell me all about it?"

"An exclamation, three questions, and a command in one breath! I'll do my best to satisfy you, for I fancy you are as fond of stories now as you used to be, when you sat on my knee twelve years ago. Do you remember, Grace?"

"I forgot nothing that happened then."

"I shall prove that by-and-by." For a moment neither of us spoke; I was waiting for my story, and Damer seemed to be studying my face. It annoyed me so, I frowned and bade him begin, with the same imperious air I used when, as a child, I tyrannized over him. He smiled, and sat softly rolling one of my long locks over his finger in the well-remembered way, as he told me the story of the serpent:

"I was dining with a party of officers in Calcutta last year, when, as I sat smoking near an open window, looking into the garden, something cold suddenly glided up my sleeve. I caught a glimpse of it as it vanished, and gave myself up for lost, for it was a cobra. I had presence of mind enough to sit motionless, and to quietly inform my companions what had happened to me, begging them to make no disturbance, but to devise some help, if possible. They were much alarmed, and, after a hasty council, Major Sterling, our host, sent a servant for a snake-charmer, hoping to lure the reptile out, as there was no way of killing him without endangering me."

"Oh, Van, how did you feel? What did you do?"

"I felt excited, of course; but I had faced death in many shapes, and was not daunted by this unexpected danger, horrible as the prospect was. I thought of my sins, sent messages to those I loved, and relived my whole life in the

in, came close to me, and bending noiselessly, poured a little stream of milk on the wide windowledge. The instant I saw it, I remembered hearing that snakes are fond of milk, and wondered why I had not thought of it sooner. I sat motionless watching the girl, who stood with the tulwar lifted, ready for a blow the instant the snake appeared. Soon I felt it moving; slowly it uncoiled and glided down my arm, attracted by the milk. The instant its hooded head appeared, down fell the weapon, with an unerring blow, and the creature dropped dead at her feet. Of course there was a tumult, after which I thanked Miss Sterling, finished my cigar and took my leave, carrying the cobra with me as a pleasing *souvenir* of the beautiful, brave girl who had saved my life."

"How romantic! But you ought to have given her your heart in return for your life, and so finished the romance in the usual manner," said Clara, who often made very silly speeches.

"I had none to offer her," answered Damer, as a curious smile passed over his lips.

"I beg pardon, but we have known so little of you for some years, that I may venture to inquire if there is a Mrs. Damer?"

"Not yet."

My stepmother spoke with ill-concealed curiosity, and Damer answered with a cool brevity which effectually checked any further inquiries upon that subject. Clara looked inquisitive, but held her tongue, and I was conscious of a sense of disappointment—a feeling as if I had lost some newly-found possession which was dear to me. I looked up to study his face, but he was studying mine with those keen eyes of his, and I broke the awkward little pause by saying, as I closed the box :

"I don't wonder you value this ugly thing and like to keep it. I long to see that brave girl. Have you no picture of her?"

"I have a sketch of the scene in my portfolio, which you may have if you like. Now, as you have given everything away, you must let me conjure up a little gift for you. Press that brass ornament in the corner of the chest, and accept what lies in the secret drawer."

I did so, and found a set of Indian pearls, larger and more perfect than any I had ever seen. I was quite speechless with pleasure; and Damer continued, as he put on necklace and bracelets and hung the glistening pendants in my ears :

"Your mother loved pearls, and told me to bring her some when I came back. I got these for her; but since she is not here to receive them, they pass to you, as hers would have done. Wear them for both our sakes, and on your wedding-day I will tell you a little romance about them."

I thanked him with all my heart, and would have had a girlish rapture if Clara's envious eyes had not silenced me. Laying the ornaments back in their velvet-case, I busied myself in replacing the contents of the chest, while my stepmother engaged Damer in a long conversation regarding politics, which lasted till bedtime. As we separated for the night, he offered me his hand. I gave him mine. He held it a moment with the same intent expression as when he watched my shadow. I was superstitious, and it made me nervous, for his lips moved without uttering a sound.

"Why do you look so? Are you muttering a spell over me?" I asked, abruptly.

He did not answer for a moment; then, with a satisfied air dropped my hand, saying, as he left me :

"My spells will do you no harm. Sleep in peace, little Grace."

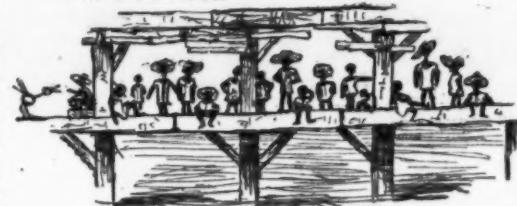
#### A Military Lawyer and a Political Preacher.

DURING the Parliamentary wars of England, John Somers, the father of the Chancellor, and a lawyer himself, not content with arming in behalf of the rebels, used to walk and ride about the neighborhood in his martial dress, and every Sunday had the audacity to wear his uniform in Stoke-Sheriff church during divine service. The rector was an ardent royalist; and in a series of sermons on Divine Right and Non-Resistance, he inveighed against those who dared to rebel against their anointed rulers. The parishioners, during the delivery of these tirades against their squire, alternately watched the preacher and the offender, enjoying the parson's violence, and wondering how long Captain Somers would patiently endure the abuse; as a lawyer, John Somers was reluctant to use violence; and he sent a friendly message to the clergyman, requesting him to adopt a less irritating tone in the pulpit. The message only enraged the rector more furiously in his denunciation of rebellion. Again and again Captain Somers renewed his entreaties that he should not be thus insulted in his own parish church. Each succeeding Sunday found the preacher more angry and abusive. There was need for bolder action, and at length the volunteer trooper hit on a novel method of silencing his clerical orator. Selecting a moment when "the enemy was in full action," he drew a pistol from his pocket, aimed liberally at the foe, and then, raising his hand as he pulled the trigger, sent a bullet in the sounding-board over the parson's head. The commotion that ensued was not less comical than lively. The younger women screamed and went off in hysterics; the men sprang to their feet, and on finding that no harm was done, burst into laughter. A buzz, a clatter of feet on the pavement—and the congregation left the church without a benediction. Captain Somers walked quietly to his house, after explaining to his adversary that every repetition of his insolence would produce a similar interruption, and that on each ensuing occasion for pistol practice the ball would strike a lower point. With perfect coolness the warlike attorney intimated his readiness in course of time to send a lump of lead into his opponent's head, instead of the sounding-board above it. Finding that he could not keep a lid on his argument to himself, the worthy rector henceforth avoided political topics whenever the captain formed part of his congregation. After the restoration, John Somers obtained a special pardon under the Great Seal, for any excesses of which he had been guilty "in the late troubles," by which genteel term the second Charles's subjects were wont to allude to the civil war and the period of their sovereign's exile. Lord Campbell observes, "He is not supposed to have committed any offense requiring a special pardon beyond flinging over the head of the parson at Stoke-Sheriff, while in the pulpit; but, being a lawyer, he perhaps remembered that observation of Sir Edward Coke, 'That good men will never refuse God and the king's pardon, because every man doth often offend both of them.'" It is easy to imagine that the gentleman who could carry his purpose in so eccentric a manner had more need of a special pardon than Lord Campbell supposed.

OUR ARTIST IN PERU; Leaves from the Sketch-Book of a Traveller, during the winter of 1855-6. By George W. Carleton. Fifty drawings on wood. Carleton, Publisher: New York.

"The Adventures of Smith, Brown and Robinson," by Doyle, obtained a wider appreciation and better sale perhaps than any other work of humorous delineation ever published. But its success was mainly due to the fact that there was a very large class of English speaking and English reading people who had traveled in the same fields with the heroines, and who could understand the

#### BOOK NOTICES.



THE HOSPITABLE NATIVES, IN FULL ISTMIAN DRESS, READY TO RECEIVE THE DARING VOYAGER IN ASPINWALL.

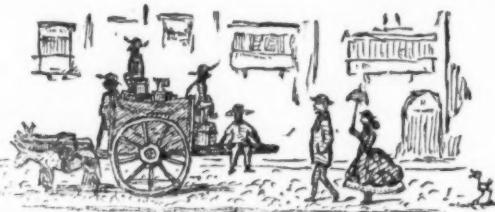


A COMMON SCENE IN THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF PANAMA.

illusions, and what cockneys call the "skits" at manners and customs, systems and styles, with which the book abounds. No one who ever traveled on the Continent by any possibility missed seeing the pompous old *Muff* that examined passports, or the "Shadow" who followed foreigners, or the beggars, or the English youth that poked their feet over the boxes in a "blast'd" Continental theatre. The humor of the illustrations was intelligible, and the



THE ARTIST ENDEAVORING TO OBTAIN SOME ENTOMOLOGICAL AND ZOOLOGICAL INFORMATION FROM ONE OF THE LADIES OF PAITA.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ARTIST, HIS SPOUSE AND BAGGAGE INTO LIMA, AND HOW "THE GENTLEMEN WHO CARRIED THAT MAN'S BAGGAGE" DISPLAYED THEMSELVES.

fun plain. But the case is different when the hits are at things we know nothing of, and at the ways of people we have never seen. Unless the delineation is simply grot squal *per se*, it fails, in such case, to interest or move us. Here is the difficulty under which Mr. Carleton—whom we by no means intend to compare with Doyle, but who has a quick appreciation of the humorous and an apt if not educated hand to execute—seems weary labors, in his "Artist in Peru." He has not got an audience of any size that can understand him. Our people know more of Cuba, and there are a thousand who could understand the "points" of "Our Artist in Cuba," where there is one

The amused and amazed unfortunate who lands for an hour in that mud-swallow aggregation of gray human nests called Paita, will recognize "friends of his" in the fly-pestered donkey, and saturnine and silent, and by no means gorgeously dressed aboriginal Venus, whom he will be sure to meet in the stony streets. And the conveyance from the depot to the hotel in Lima, where the passengers walk and the porters ride, and where colored individuals assert themselves as "the gentlemen who carry that man's baggage." And especially will he recognize his friends of the Sanitary Police of Lima, the *gallinazos* or scavenger vultures, who race along the filthy *asequias*, and whom Mr. Carleton has caught in all their characteristic poses. But

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRD LECTURE.—MR. CAUDLE JOINS A CLUB

"THE SKYLARK."

"WELL, if a woman hadn't better be in her grave than be married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man. No; I don't care if you are tired, I shan't let you go to sleep. No, and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half-past twelve—and expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder? A woman had better be sold for a slave at once."

"And so you've gone and joined a club? The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruined by you. No; I'm determined on that. I'll go and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know."

"How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern!—oh, yes, Mr. Caudle; I dare say you do go for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy-and-water; yes, and your yearly filthy tobacco-smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home, I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute, Prettyman. He has broken his own poor wife's heart, and now he wants to—wants to—but don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it, though—that I'm determined."

"How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit and smoke, and drink, and talk with people who wouldn't one of 'em lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife, too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot-companions—oh, it's disgraceful, Mr. Caudle; it's unfeeling. No man who had the least love for his wife could do it."

"And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday? But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, Mr. Caudle, you're calling me a good creature: I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No; if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half-past twelve. There was a time when you were as regular at your fireside as the kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go amongst heaven knows who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do: I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house serves liquor after twelve of a Saturday; and if I don't write to the magistrates, and have the license taken away, I am not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no, Mr. Caudle, no; it's you who are the foolish man; or worse than a foolish man; you're a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and people who go to public-houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and affectionate father?' I—I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you."

"Going and spending your money, and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were ten times to swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent eighteen-pence on a Saturday. You can't be all those hours, and only spend eighteen-pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudle. A great deal you could have for eighteen-pence! And all the Club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em! Skylarks, indeed! They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they do by eating up their innocent wives and children. Eighteen-pence a week! And if it was only that—do you know what fifty two eighteen-pence come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house-money, buy myself a pin cushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No—not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care so you can get your brandy-and-water? There're the girls, too—the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh, yes! So he can go with his Skylarks, they may wear sack-cloth for pinsoires, and packthread for garters.

"You'd better not let that Mr. Prettyman come here, that's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves only in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king, with a lot of fools, like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudle, no; it's no use your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now."

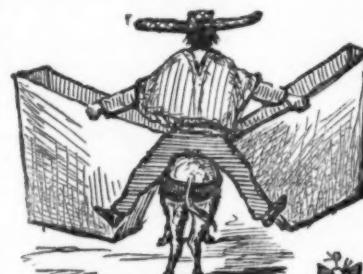
"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already: and you've just one of the noses that liquor al—*to*. You don't see it's red? N—*I dare say*—but I see it; I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on, in a little time, with your brandy-and-water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses: I know what men's two small glasses are; in a little time you'll have a face all over as if it was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then? I won't, and so don't think it. Don't come to me."

"Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's Joakin: he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he's more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark too. And I suppose, some day, you'll be trying to box my ears? Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle; I say don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean it—but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle."

"Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course."

"Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water, enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I—*I*—I offend myself so much as a piece of tape! I'm brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's *ve-ve-ve*-ry brutal."

"And here," says Caudle—"here, thank Heaven! at last, she fell asleep."



THE PANADERO OR BAKER OF LIMA ON HIS ROUNDS. HIS BREAD-BASKET NICELY CONTRIVED TO RECEIVE CIGAR ENDS AND OTHER THINGS FROM OPEN WINDOWS AND UPPER STORIES.



OUR ARTIST HAS HEARD MUCH OF THE MAGNIFICENT EYES OF THE LIMA WOMEN, BUT NEVER GOT TO SEE MORE THAN ONE AT A TIME.

gined. The baths are great covered reservoirs, capable of holding from twenty to fifty persons, and into these the patients plunge up to their necks in seething water, where they remain no less than four hours at a time, and many resort to them twice a day. Men and women enter the same tanks, swimming about at will, or fixing themselves behind little floating tables, on which they take breakfast, or read books, or play dominoes or chess. It is necessary to relieve the tedium of so long an ab-



COOL AND NEGLIGE COSTUME OF A LIMA COOK—A COFFEE-BAG WITH A HOLE IN IT.

lution, to do something for amusement's sake, and the songs, the speeches, the repartees, the roars of laughter, the shouts of applause that follow each other, are endless. All the resources of French vivacity are brought into play to pass the time; and the effect of a half hundred heads, which is all you can see of persons thus variously engaged, is to the last degree droll.



THE PIG WENT TO MARKET, BUT AS HE WOULDNT GO DECENTLY, HE WAS TIED ON THE BACK OF A DONKEY, AND DULY GOT TO LIMA.



WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS—PART THEATRE



## FALSE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A LITTLE flower with faded leaves,  
A withered flower, and that is all;  
But, ah! to-night my spirit grieves,  
At memories that it can recall.

I see a radiant autumn eve,  
With mellow moonlight over all;  
A harvest field with golden sheaves,  
And wild flowers nodding by the wall.

That eve! that eve! my heart, be still!  
We stood beneath the bending sky,  
And felt through all our souls the thrill  
Of love that had its birth on high.

We wandered down the orchard lane,  
And talked of birds, and books, and flowers,  
As we shall never talk again  
Together in this life of ours.

We paused beside the meadow bars;  
He held my hands within his own,  
And we stood looking at the stars,  
And thought how bright the world had grown.

He broke a wild flower from its stem,  
And put into my braided hair;  
"Your eyes are brighter far than them,"  
He said, "as bright as any star."

And then he kissed my glowing cheek,  
And said I was his little wife;  
Those words! how sweet they are to speak—  
The sweetest words of all my life!

Those dreams of mine, how frail they were;  
They vanished like the dews at morn;  
As fair as summer's roses are,  
And ah! they had, like them, a thorn!

I wonder if he thinks of one,  
And of the solemn vows he made?  
Thank God! poor heart, he cannot see  
The grave where withered hopes are laid!

I loved him, and I love him still;  
God help me if my love is wrong;  
I cannot crush it by my will—  
For will is weak and love is strong.

Some day, perhaps, his heart may know  
The bitterness that mine has known;  
God pity him if it be so!  
God pity me, I am alone!

## ALMOST WON.

"WHERE is that child, Nathan Greenville? lordy massy, my heart's ee'nmost tired out with her! Here I've drudged and worked, and slaved myself to death to bring up three or four more young ones than I ever saw the sense of bringing into the world; and just as I'd got 'em most all married off my hands, than you pick up this wildcat to torment my life out. Women are abused scandalous; there's no rubbing it out. Suppose she was your own cousin's child, and an orphan, what difference does that make? Heavens and airt! You'd better set up an asylum, and take in the whole creation. 'You'd like to do it?' Yes, I'll bet a cookey you would. That doing for other folks, and throwing away your money on them as don't care a cent more for you afterward, has been your ruin. If you'd attended to me, you'd been as forehanding a man as there is anywhere round; and now you ain't worth nothing on the face of the airt but this place; which, of course, gives us a good living; but I had some ambition, I did! These do-little folks I never could see into, no how."

"We have got enough of this world's goods, wife," said her husband, interrupting her, "to carry us safe through, and a little to spare. I really wish you would stop scolding Bessie. She is as nice a little gal as I ever wish to see. I don't see how she can bother you much—for she's to school pretty much all the time, without 'tis Saturdays and Sundays. It is such a pleasure to hear her singing around."

"I hope you don't call her squalling, singing? She keeps me so fidgety, that I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels half the time."

Just then the innocent cause of this conversation came bounding into the kitchen door; her gingham sunbonnet hanging over one arm, and a basket of blackberries on the other.

"Do look, Uncle Greenville, and see how many berries I have found! I thought they would be so nice for tea. It's right splendid fun to climb after them; but I did get scratched, though, with the prickly vines. Jiminy, how my arms do smart!"

I wish you could have seen this young girl as she first appeared to me. She was something over fifteen; rather small of her age. Light brown hair, cut short, but curling in sweet little rings all over her well-shaped head. Eyes dark blue, sparkling with fun and feeling; cheek and lip a healthy carnation, and an expression of intelligence pervading all, which made her doubly attractive. But Mrs. Greenville didn't care a straw for intelligence. She had had five daughters and four sons; all of whom, with one exception—she had, as she herself expressed it, "married off." This had been her chief end and aim. Nathan, the youngest son, was still at home, and worked the place with his father. He perfectly understood farming, in all its varied departments, but he cared very little for anything else. Mr. Greenville had a great desire that his children should be well educated, but they seemed to all inherit their mother's intellectual stupidity, and their father's kind-heartedness and benevolence had with the children degenerated into a phlegmatic sluggishness of understanding. This had been the poor man's life-trial. He had learned

early that he and his wife were as unsuited for life's harness as it were possible to conceive, and had borne the bitter experience with all the patience he was master of; but his children had been a bitter disappointment. He had looked forward with a loving father's pride to their advancement in the arts and sciences; and there was not one out of the whole large family who could ever be persuaded to learn anything but the common every-day branches taught in a country school—and these only partially. So Farmer Greenville walked along with that burden, and though he had often tottered with its weight, and well-nigh cursed the day he was born, yet was he always the kindest of husbands and fathers; and this poor little orphan girl, whom out of his boundless love and charity he had rescued from the poor-house, shed a pleasant light over his old age.

"Come here, little Bessie, and let uncle see your berries. They are fine ones, and there's nigh on to two quarts."

"Now, Bet's, you take them blackberries," broke in the shrill voice of Mrs. Greenville, "and pick 'em all over careful, and wash 'em in half-a-dozen waters, sprinkle some sugar over 'em, and oh, lawful sakes, if you ain't torn that new calico dress all off from your back! I've a great mind to spank you till you can't stand up, you good-for-nothing, careless hussy, you! Now, Mr. Greenville, you see what I have to put up with! Talk about Job's trials; they ain't nothing, compared to mine."

"Why, auntie, I can mend it, and it won't show one bit. I remember when I did that. It was an awful high place where I had to climb to pick those biggest berries, and Mr. Frothingham and his dog were right underneath the rocks; you know that awful steep ledge of rocks, uncle, just out of Conell's pasture; well, there. They couldn't see me at all, and I kept pelting them with the berries, and you don't know how funny Mr. Frothingham did look; and by-and-by I guess he got determined to see what it all meant, and he and Fido commenced climbing up, and the dog caught hold of my dress, and I do believe he tore a piece right out of it."

"And that's all you care about it, is it? You can form some idea now, Nathan, of what I have to endure, day after day."

Bessie didn't wait for any more, but ran up to her little room, changed her dress, and worked away with a will, and in a few moments there was no vestige of tear or rag to be seen. She came down again, book in hand.

"Where are you going now, Bessie Baker?"

"Up to the 'big house,' to recite my Latin and rhetoric. Oh, uncle, Mr. Frothingham says I am getting on famously, and next month I can take up French, and if his wife is well enough, she will give me music lessons. Won't that be jolly?" and off she tripped, singing gayly some little sparkling operatic air she had caught from the lady at the big house, as if there were no such things as cross aunts, who begrimed her every mouthful she ate, and every article she wore. Mr. Greenville did his best to have the child decently and comfortably clothed, but his wife made over "old duds" which she thought quite good enough, and Bessie never complained, although she had a great deal of natural taste, and loved the beautiful as only the enthusiastic can. She thought Uncle Nathan could not afford to purchase her any better, and her natural nobility of character prevented her from finding the least fault.

Mr. Frothingham lived about half a mile from Mr. Greenville. He owned the handsomest place in the county, and both he and his wife had taken a great fancy to this wild little flower, and their clear, educated perceptions discovered in her the germs of a brilliant woman.

Bessie knocked at the study door, and receiving no answer, ran, as was her usual custom, up to Mrs. Frothingham's room, and a distressing picture met her eyes.

There in the bed lay the gentle, loving woman, her husband bending over her, servants grouped around in twos, and the life-blood flowing from her colorless lips in a perfect stream. She had been extremely delicate for some time, and now in a spasm of coughing had ruptured a blood vessel.

The doctor came, pronounced her situation critical, succeeded at last in stopping the flow of blood, and left the husband in a fever of grief and anxiety, which for a time completely unnerved him.

Bessie rendered all the assistance in her power, but very little could be done, and she bade them good-by, with a promise to send Mrs. Greenville up to remain through the night; but his wife must have heard the whispered conversation, for she beckoned to her husband, and pointed to Bessie, as if desiring her to remain. It was so arranged, and she glided into the duties of nurse with an ease and natural knowledge that seemed almost wonderful, for Bessie had never seen any sickness. She remained at her post for two long weeks, until God at last released the suffering soul, and left a disconsolate husband and a host of weeping relatives to mourn her early death. There was one little boy, just a year old the day his mother died, the only fruit of this union; and to Bessie he was devotedly attached. She remained a few days after the funeral, but one morning Farmer Greenville came for her, and was deaf to every argument that Mr. Frothingham advanced in regard to Bessie's remaining. He saw the impropriety which the poor bereaved husband had never dreamed of, and Bessie, crying as if her heart would break, bade Mr. Frothingham and baby "good-by." Eddie was brought down every day or two, and after a month Bessie renewed her studies and recitations. Twice a week she went to the big house to read her Latin, French and other studies, which Mr. Frothingham had wisely selected for her. His aunt came to superintend his establishment, and she, too, was attracted to Bessie, and these semi-weekly visits soon got to be the young girl's only

comfort, for every month seemed to make the farmer's wife more difficult to live with.

Two years passed and Bessie, although she had grown very little taller, had developed into a beautiful woman. Nature had fulfilled her early promises; and she had acquired a much more thorough knowledge of books, and had been educated to a higher standard than most young ladies who graduate from our renowned places of learning. She was very shy and reserved in society, probably because she had seen so little of it; but refined and modest, and when at ease a brilliant conversationalist. She was an excellent linguist, and the musical French rolled over her tongue as if she were a native born Parisian, and whether she had learned to conjugate the first verb with her heart, as well as her intellect, future events will probably determine. It would seem not, for with Mr. Frothingham of all others in the world she was perfectly natural—so in all probability if such was the case Miss Bessie didn't know it herself. He evidently considered her a young woman, bright, beautiful and talented, but in no respect suitable for his wife, if he thought of such a thing at all, which is barely possible.

Mr. Frothingham had made frequent visits to the city for some two or three months, and his aunt, Mrs. Braintree, began to have her suspicions, which were finally confirmed by his telling her one evening that he intended bringing a wife home in the fall: a Miss Lincoln, of Philadelphia, who he said was coming out to spend a day soon, and examine the place. She did not like the country very well, but he had no doubt but she would be charmed with the situation of a place so delightful to him, and would willingly spend all but the winter months there.

One morning, after having been scolded and goaded almost to distraction by Mrs. Greenville's unfortunate tongue, Bessie started for the big house to spend the day with Mrs. Braintree. She was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, and determined to interest Mr. Frothingham, when he came home, in obtaining her a situation in some friend's family, where she could teach young children, earn an independence, and escape the persecution which was growing every day more difficult to bear. She observed that Mrs. Braintree and servants were unusually busy, and evidently expecting guests.

Mrs. Braintree whispered to her, as she passed on the way to the store closet:

"Richard brings his future wife home to-day to see how she likes the place, and if it suits her ladyship she will make it her future residence; if not, why, then, I suppose, he will be fool enough to sell and live in the city, which is his abomination."

What was it that blanched Bessie Baker's cheek just then, and caused her to pass her hand convulsively to her heart? Let those answer who understand the symptoms. Mrs. Braintree asked Bessie to arrange some flowers for the table, and one or two bouquets for the drawing-room. She was glad to be alone; and while engaged in grouping together the rare blossoms, the carriage drove up, containing Mr. Frothingham and his bride-elect.

She was a tall, dignified-looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years old, coal-black hair and eyes, dark complexion, and an expression of disdain and deceit, which, to a careful face-reader would speak volumes. But in some way Richard Frothingham was bewitched, and, although he was far from satisfied, yet he imagined she would make a kind mother to his little darling, and an elegant mistress for his fine establishment.

Bessie put the finishing touches to her flowers, and tried her best to devise some means that she could leave without attracting attention. She had no words of welcome for her old friend. She sat down in the library a few moments, thinking she would wait until the coast was clear, so that she could glide out unnoticed, and gave herself up to thought.

"I know I never shall like this woman; she won't be one bit like his own precious wife, and there will be no more comfort here for me. I wish I had never been born; there has been for me one little gleam of sunshine, and now that has but given place to a dark, lowering cloud, which crushes my heart out."

In the midst of this reverie in walked Mr. Frothingham, but fortunately alone.

"Why, Bessie Baker, what are you hiding for? Aunt Annie told me you were here somewhere; and I have been hunting for you all over the house. What! no word of welcome for me, Bessie?—and been gone over a month, too! Why, pet, you are heartless."

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Frothingham."

"But you haven't seen me yet, Bessie. Look up into my face, and tell me what troubles you. Has that old she-dragon been abusing you again, dear? I know she has; but I wouldn't get so low-spirited for that. Let me tell you what I have been thinking of. I suppose auntie told you that I intend marrying again?"

And Richard Frothingham wondered what it was that made the hot blood suffuse his face and temples, and why Bessie's little hand trembled like a frightened bird in his own.

"It has been a pet plan of mine, dear," he continued, "to have you come and live with us—Eddie is so fond of you. And we shall probably travel and mingle in society a great deal, and that is just what you need to complete your education. By that time some one will have won the prize, and your old tutor will be forgotten."

"Do you judge of my capacity to forget by your own, Mr. Frothingham?" quietly asked Bessie. "That is generally considered a fair way, I believe, but it is not so in my case. I caught a glimpse of the future Mrs. Frothingham as she alighted from the carriage, and I can assure you that your pet plan will never be realized. I shall go home, and bear with what patience I can my wretched life, and pray God unceasingly to take me to Himself," and Bessie arose to go.

Just then the door opened, and Miss Lincoln entered.

"I have taken the liberty to reconnoitre, Richard. I find it charming. The prospect is lovely! But what beautiful country maid have we here?" and she flashed Bessie a withering glance from her coal-black eyes, which seemed to her to combine all a serpent's venom with a serpent's fascination.

"Let me make you acquainted with Miss Bessie Baker—Miss Lincoln," and Bessie merely made a dignified bow.

The contemptuous manner with which she had spoken of her as she entered the room was quite enough; and the "country maid," with all her simplicity, read this woman aright, and she looked from the glowing, handsome soul-lit face of Richard Frothingham to that of his promised wife with astonishment and pity, and wished—oh, so ardently—that she was his sister, and could tell him, in plain terms, what she thought of her. But now the only course was silence.

"Do let us take a walk in that delightful flower-garden, Richard," said Miss Lincoln, in her sweetest style. "Whose hat is this? May I borrow it?"

"Certainly," said Bessie. Miss Lincoln surveyed herself in the mirror.

"I declare this is quite becoming. I had no idea I could make so rare a picture of rural simplicity."

Bessie shot her a defiant glance, and Richard looked at her scrutinizingly, as if to see whether she intended an insult; but the fact that met his eyes was smiling and pleasant, and the black eyes again enthralled him with their strange fascination—and all was forgotten.

Bessie ran to Mrs. Braintree's room and burst into a fit of passionate weeping, which quite alarmed the kind-hearted lady. She detailed between her sobs the insulting conversation.

And did Richard take no notice of that kind of talk, Bessie?"

"Not the slightest. He is completely infatuated with her, and in some incomprehensible way she has acquired a power over him which he mistakes for love; and what a terrible waking up it will be for him, by-and-by! Oh, Mrs. Braintree, how I pity him!"

Mrs. Braintree let her have her cry out. She thoroughly understood the nature of the case, and was out of all manner of patience with her nephew, that he could overlook this sweet little blossom which might shed so fragrant and blessed an influence over his whole life, and go so far away to select a deceitful, arrogant woman, which she felt sure would cause him to curse the day he was born.

Eddie would not leave Bessie, and he tried to amuse her with his childish prattle, and she pressed him to her heart, feeling sure that even the pleasure of the baby's society would be denied her. In this attitude she was again caught by Mr. Frothingham, who had come for Eddie to present to his mother-elect.

"Bessie Baker! If you have not been crying! Your eyes are red and swollen. I fear Miss Lincoln hurt your feelings, dear. I assure you, Bessie, it was unintentional. I think it is her usual way. She would not wound you for the world. You are over-sensitive. Now, promise me, Bessie, that you will dry your tears and dine with us, as if nothing had happened."

"Have you the least idea, Mr. Richard Frothingham, that I am so 'rustically simple' as to put it into a stranger's power to insult me the second time? I would not sit in her presence again to save her life and my own too, which latter, by the way, I consider of far more consequence. No wonder she thinks me a fool, if you, who have been so long acquainted with me, are of that opinion. Come, Eddie, let me brush your hair, that you may make a favorable impression on your mother that is to be;" and she kissed him over and over again.

Mr. Frothingham was too much surprised to utter a word. This was a new phase in Bessie's character which he had never before noticed, and he led Eddie away, strangely puzzled. While they dined she went to the library, found her hat, and started down the garden walk to the back gate. As she passed out into the beautiful open field she spied a letter lying on the grass, directed and unsealed. She did not know that Mr. Frothingham and Miss Lincoln had been in the field, so she opened it and read:

"DEAR CECILE: I write in the greatest haste to tell you that, in spite of your cold-water predictions, I am the affianced bride of Richard Frothingham. I was not compelled to use the least manoeuvring. He glided into the net without the least effort. I am going out to-day to take a look at his country residence, which all pronounce elegant. If it suits me—mind that—I shall remain there through the summer months; if not, he will sell. I am very sorry that he has a child, for young ones are my abomination; but his handsome property compensates for so trifling an annoyance, so I will not complain. Tell Edmund that I shall help him as I promised, just as speedily as I get the means, and then for some of the glorious old enjoyment. I shall write a line descriptive in pencil when I return, and let you know what I think of matters and things."

"Yours truly,

AMANDA."

Bessie read this note over several times, stood a moment undecided, then walked rapidly toward the house again. The redness had all left Bessie's eyes, and she seemed invested with a new dignity as she walked straight into the dining-room and said:

"Mr. Frothingham, I believe ladies are privileged to change their minds, and so I have taken the liberty."

Mr. Frothingham was evidently nonplussed; but, putting a good face on the matter, replied:

"I thought you would find the sun too hot just yet to walk home; so, what would you be helped to?"

Bessie's plate was filled, and the conversation which she had interrupted by her strange entrance again became general. She watched her opportunity, then said, in an off-hand unembarrassed manner:

"You reside in Philadelphia, I believe, Miss Lincoln?"

"Yes," she replied, constrainedly, "that is my place of residence."

"Uncle has some friends there, I believe. Are you acquainted with any of the Burgesses?"

"I am, with one family—Simon Burgess's, a very wealthy aristocratic family. It is not possible you are acquainted with them?"

"Mrs. Cecile Burgess I have *particular* reference to now," said Bessie, articulating the name very slowly, and looking the woman straight in the eye. "Do you recognize this letter, Miss Lincoln?"

She turned deathly pale, put her hand in her pocket, made a spring at Bessie; but Bessie was strong, and Mr. Frothingham, ashamed of such an undignified performance, grasped Miss Lincoln's arm, saying:

"Surely, you need have no fear. Let us know what this unprecedented affair means."

"Mr. Frothingham, will you obtain me the possession of that letter? It is my private correspondence."

"It can be nothing you can be unwilling I should read. Give me the letter, Bessie."

He felt quite positive that its contents must be something very important and intimately connected with himself, or Bessie would not dare assume so defiant a stand. She put it into his hand, saying:

"Read it, every line of it, and thank God that she wrote it."

Miss Lincoln made another convulsive clutch at it, but it was of no use. Richard read it through, folded it up, returned it to the enraged woman, who stood trembling with anger and defeat, and said:

"Miss Lincoln, you will please be kind enough to get on your things, and my coachman will drive you to the city immediately. Allow me to rid myself of so venomous a serpent as speedily as possible. How could you have deceived me so long?"

"What do you think of 'rustic' simplicity now, Miss Lincoln? It was quite a match for you, wasn't it?" said our little Bess, archly.

She left, vowing vengeance against the author of this mischief. Richard said:

"Oh, this is terrible, Bessie."

"I think it is jolly," replied Bessie; "and see how it was all arranged—that I should find that letter and prevent you from spending a life of wretchedness with that abominable woman, and my little darling from the influence of such a mother. Why, Mr. Frothingham, I feel as if you had just been rescued from a nest of vipers. Surely, God's ways are inscrutable and past finding out."

She was whirled off to the city in short order. Six months after that, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and the air was clear and cutting, Richard Frothingham drove up to Farmer Greenville's door with his splendid little sleigh, and silver bells, and fast horses, and warm buffalo robes, crimson lined. Mrs. Greenville saw him approach, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Lordy massy! there comes Mr. Frothingham. I don't see what the old Harry he comes round here so much for. I tell you, Betsey Baker, you'll get your name up if you ain't careful. You'd better mend your ways if you don't want the whole neighborhood talking about you." Bessie met the visitor at the door.

"Get your drygoods on, Bess, and come and have a nice sleigh ride; and in a moment more the bells jingled a merry tune as they glided over the crisp snow. Richard's manner was very tender, and as they drove up to his residence, Bessie said:

"Why, Mr. Frothingham, I haven't got time to stop. It is getting late."

"But just long enough to have some tea with auntie, Eddie and I."

Bessie couldn't refuse. Everything was bright and cheerful; little Eddie delighted. After tea he drew her into the library, where they had spent so many happy hours, and there, in the twilight, Richard Frothingham asked Bessie Baker to be his wife, and my word on it, she did not refuse.

### A Winter's Tale.

"MISS WALSHAM, this is intolerable! You must choose between us—now or never!"

He was terribly excited, and stood with clinched hands awaiting her answer.

The proud beauty stepped back a little from the window, and stood leisurely surveying the two gentlemen before her. She was apparently more amused by the contrast between them than affected by the desperation of the speaker.

Walt Sydney could endure it no longer; he sprang forward, clutched her shoulder, and bending till his hot breath scorched her face:

"You shall choose between us, Clara Walsingham—him or me!"

She looked up with a flash of disdain, and shook off his hand as if it had been a feather; then, raising her eyebrows and folding her white hands, glanced from the furious man at her side to the nonchalant lounging upon the sofa, and answered, carelessly:

"I don't think there is any choice."

Sydney rushed out of the room and through the long hall, closing his chamber-door with such a bang as shook every window in that tumble-down old mansion, which was dignified by the title of Walsingham Grange. Miss Clara sat down by the fire, and began to beat a restless tattoo with her foot. Harvey Best waited a minute or two longer, then rising, gracefully approached the lady, bowed, and wished her "Good-night!" She frowned a little, and answered sharply, "Good-night;" but as soon as she was left alone she arose and paced rapidly up and down the room. It was an impulse and a motion, scarcely womanly, but it suited her, and that impatient striding back and forth in the lamp-light showed off to advantage her queenly form, as effectually as it quieted

her impious mood. She was attired in a style not common with even wealthy ladies of that day, for it was a winter's night more than fifty years ago, and the Walsingshams had but a moderate income. The dress and train were of heavy crimson satin, the bodice and skirt of white, while clusters of diamonds flashed out amid folds of costly lace upon her neck and arms. And our heroine was perfectly, royally beautiful; from head to foot the most critical could find no defect, nor detect one charm which might have been more complete. Some might meet one such woman in a lifetime, but never more. She tired at length of her impatient walk, and stood thoughtfully, before the fire till the half-hour struck, when she sighed, turned half wearily, and left the room. That sigh was the only sign of womanly weakness she had shown that evening.

Colonel Walsingham kept his old English ways, although he was in heart a stanch American, and among his customs was that of filling his lovely country-house with guests for a part or all the winter season. It was now near the holidays, and, as usual, the Grange was full of visitors; and when, late the next morning, Miss Walsingham entered the breakfast-room, she found a gay party discussing the varied amusements which the clear, bright day promised. More lovely than ever the lady looked in her simple morning toilet, and more animated by far than the night before.

Indeed, an infectious spirit of mirth seemed to have spread through the whole assemblage, and laugh and jest passed rapidly from side to side. Walt Sydney was, perhaps, the merriest person in the room, and his salutes of wit provoked continual laughter from the group of gentlemen with whom he was conversing. Only one seemed to have escaped the general feeling, and that, strangely enough, was none other than the indifferent, self-assured Best. He stood a little apart from all the rest, and his face was clouded by a scowl, half of anger, half of fear; he scarcely smiled even when his hostess spoke to him, and offered the good wishes of the day. Of course, his moodiness did not pass unnoticed by either his rival or his lady-love, though neither alluded to it; it gave the latter, however, no little surprise, and, perhaps, some uneasiness, as might be judged from her changing colors.

The entrance of the host summoned all to the table; and the meal over, some of the gentlemen sauntered out doors, while the rest followed the ladies into the drawing-rooms.

It was noticeable that from the moment of her rising from the table, Walt Sydney never left Miss Walsingham's side; indeed, his attention became a stanch surveillance, which she noticed at length by a look of haughty surprise. He returned her look by one of the most contented assurance, and smiled complacently. The beauty bit her lip, and as soon as possible withdrew to her own apartments. What did it mean? evidently her two suitors had changed places. Was it possible that Sydney had grown suddenly indifferent, or Best discouraged? The latter possibility did not trouble her—at the first she trembled a little, and fell into a deep study.

Miss Clara was indisposed, and had excused herself from luncheon. Presently, her bell rang impatiently; then once or twice more, in quick succession. The little mulatto maid, Zoe, stumbled up-stairs in her haste to answer it. "Bless me! Miss Clara must be gettin' mighty 'patien'! never ring like dat!"

"Zoe, call Lump, Mr. Sydney's servant, and be quick."

Miss Walsingham looked anything but ill, and wheeled impatiently toward another part of the room; then turned and saw Zoe standing still by the door.

"Why don't you do as I tell you?"

"Please, missis, I heard Massa Sydney tell Lump dis mornin' mus'n' mind no call 'cept his, all day, 'specially mus'n' mind you and Massa Best."

The lady's suspicion grew stronger; a dread suspicion which had come to her during the few hours she had been alone. Lump was not only Sydney's faithful servant, but owing to his quick intelligence and ready wit, often fulfilled the office of confidant and adviser; and Miss Clara's resolve to simply question the negro was changed into a determination of quite another kind.

"Tell Lump he must come to me, and instantly."

Zoe disappeared, shaking her head, dubiously. Half an hour after she returned.

"Well, why don't he come? Where have you been so long?"

"Why, first I couldn't find him, an' when I did, been coakin'. No use—won't come."

Miss Walsingham was not accustomed to disobedience. It was particularly annoying just now.

"Go once more and tell him I insist upon his obeying me. If he don't, I'll find him myself," she muttered, as the door closed again behind the astonished Zoe.

"Lump says, 'Tell Miss Clara I mus' sist upon baying Massa Sydney.'"

"Where is Lump?"

"Down in de kitchen chaffin' wid Dinah."

"Go to your work."

"Yes, missis."

A moment after Miss Walsingham opened the kitchen door.

"Lump, come here."

"Sorry can't blige you; can't nohow, missis."

"Look here; see!" and she displayed a silver coin.

Now, Lump's great weakness was a love of gain. He was at her side immediately.

"Follow me—this way." The lady led the way to her own room.

"Now, boy, you may sit down; I've a good many questions to ask you."

Lump dropped into a chair, near the door, in case of emergency, but kept his eyes fixed upon the shining coin.

"I have a suspicion that your master and Mr. Best have had a serious quarrel. Is it so?"

The bribe had but half told, after all. The negro looked doubtful.

"I'll give you more than this. Speak out," and she added two more pieces to the one first offered.

That was enough, and Lump answered readily:

"Guess they have, missis. 'Spec' you ought to know 'bout dat," he added, grinning most comically.

"Be careful, boy. I am afraid there has been something more. Resulted in a challenge, perhaps? There is to be a duel? Tell me all you know, now."

"Was a challenge, Miss Clara; 'spec' there ain't gwine to be no gwell."

"What is it then? What are they going to do, and where are they?"

"Dunno, missis; positive, dunno what dey done; dunno whar dey are now;" but he looked as though he guessed where they were.

Miss Clara began, now, to notice the fellow's marked emphasis.

"You say there is going to be no duel. Do you mean that there has been one?" she demanded, fiercely.

"Laws, yes, missis. 'Spec' there has, more'n two hours ago."

She grew deadly pale, her eyes swam, and she saw nothing but two men in mortal combat. She had found there was a choice, and one was the man she loved.

"Guess I'll go now, missis."

"See, there. Go!" and she flung the silver on the floor.

Lump scraped it up and departed, chuckling.

Then all the storm and passion of that proud, high nature burst forth. She wept and raved by turns, upbraiding herself as the cause of it all, accusing herself of being a murderer of one, perhaps of both; and then a calmness of despair would succeed as she pictured one dead face.

It was long before she remembered that the man who had grown so dear to her was the better marksman of the two. That was a ray of hope; but even then he must be wounded, fatally, perhaps, for they were both so desperate. Oh! why didn't some one come and tell her! Surely, they must all know. But nobody came; and as the short winter day drew to a close, Miss Walsingham could control her anxiety no longer, and summoned Zoe to dress her for dinner.

"Be quick, child!"

"Laws, yes, missis, Zoo allays spry!"

Nevertheless the bell rang before she had finished.

Clara Walsingham stood full five minutes with her hand upon the latch before she could summon courage to enter the hall and face her guests. She could hear the careless talk, and light laugh, but how hollow and unreal it all seemed! Presently, some one asked, "Is Miss Clara ill tonight?" Then she went in.

Was she awake or dreaming! She never could fully tell. But she was certain of one thing. It was Walt Sydney who advanced to lead her to her place, and Walt Sydney's great, triumphant eyes which watched her own all through that vague and indistinct hour. She saw no other face but his, heard no other voice, although he spoke only to some others there, not once to herself. Late in the evening she came out of her dream-like state, as she heard the question: "Where is Judge Best?" Ay, where! She was fully awake at last, and looked with eager questioning into the faces about her. Not one seemed surprised by his absence, and after that one indifferent question not one mentioned his name again. What did it all mean? The mystery was grown too deep—she could not understand.

"Will Miss Walsingham grant me a few moments' conversation in the library?"

"At once."

He wheeled an easy-chair before the fire, and begged her to be seated.

She neither noticed the action nor the words, but turned upon him angrily:

"Where is Harvey Best?"

Sydney was startled out of his self-possession by the abruptness of the question.

"Where, and how is he?" she demanded again.

Recovered by this time, her lover answered, quietly:

"He is well, madam, but thirty miles away by this."

She sat down then, but Sydney remained standing.

"I have discovered that my servant has been disobeying me, Miss Clara, and given you information of a duel between Best and myself. I am afraid you have given yourself unnecessary uneasiness about this matter; I beg you will dismiss any apprehension you may have, at once."

She flushed a little, as she answered:

"Mr. Sydney, the deliberate endeavor to take another's life can seem no trifling thing, and that I should be the unhappy cause of such an act can not but fill me with the deepest anxiety and sorrow."

"I agree with you, perfectly; and to me, dueling, although it has been customary, seems but little else than authorized murder."

She looked up, thoroughly surprised.

"Has there, then, been no duel?"

"None. Exasperated as I was last night by your coolness and my rival's audacity, I determined to challenge him. I was perfectly aware of his want of courage, and I knew I could frighten him from the field, quite as easily as I could have put a bullet through him. I was not mistaken. Arrived at the place of meeting, his assumed daring quite forsook him, and he gave up the affair without firing a shot. Indeed, he would have gone off altogether without a word of acknowledgment to your father or yourself, had I not forced him to write these few lines to you. I think the note contains Harvey Best's farewell."

Smiling sarcastically, Sydney drew from his pocket a hastily written note, and gave it to the lady. It ran as follows:

"**MISS WALSHAM, DEAR MADAM**—Circumstances compel me to admit the superior claims of my rival, Walt Sydney, to your heart and hand; I therefore resign all pretensions to the same. Acknowledging your hospitality, I bid you an eternal and heartiest farewell." —H. BEST."

Miss Walsingham's color grew deeper, and her lips curled disdainfully as she read; and when she had finished, she tore the paper and threw it into the fire. A moment after, Sydney had taken her beautiful hand between his own, and said half-proudly, half-tremblingly:

"Clara, darling, have you found a choice?" and she had bowed her queenly head and answered, "I have chosen."

In the olden time, courtship might be long and tedious; engagements seldom were; and it was nothing strange that the New Year's Eve, which came so soon, saw Clara Walsingham a bride. Scarcely less proud she seemed even then, but her wondrous beauty had caught a softer and a holier touch in the light of her new-found happiness.

Two years ago last New Year's Eve we went to grandmother's golden wedding. As proudly and as fondly as if she were indeed a bride that night, she leaned upon her husband's arm, and smiled upon us all. The bridegroom and the bride, white-haired and wrinkled, but nobly beautiful, with the reflected peace of fifty happy years. A twelvemonth passed, and then, as softly as the dying years, grandmother passed from among us. Grandfather said no word, but kissed her pale dead lips, and smiled and went his way. But soon beside the cozy fire we missed his well-beloved face, and there, where two short years ago we watched and loved a beautiful old age, there stand two empty chairs.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO—EVERY ONE HIS OWN COOK.

#### What We Are Coming To—Every One His Own Cook.

This is our artist's representation of his dream, after indulging in a late supper at one of our fashionable hotels on his return from a lecture on cooking by Professor Blot. He is in doubt whether it was prompted by the difficulty of digesting the simple repast he had been forced to pay most exorbitantly for, or by the charming artistic character given to the culinary art by the enthusiastic professor.

He thinks the time must come when the kitchen and the parlor are brought nearer to each other; for the kitchen, as he neatly expresses it, can be made the great redresser for all our sufferings.

What with the dearness of everything, and the difficulties of construction, he advises this bold leap from the frying-pan into the fire, and is certain that his friends the McFlimseys, who have met with such misfortune, and are so reduced in their income that they are obliged to give up their mansion and board in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, will, if they can only make up their minds to it, find that after all it is not so dreadful, if we do come to being every one his own cook.

#### DEER HUNT AT NIGHT.

This incident is described by Mr. Stamer, in his "Recollections of a Life of Adventure," and illustrates the style of deer-hunting practiced in the western part of this State. The hunters go out in a boat to shoot the deer as they come down in the night to feed in the streams upon the water-plants. They are provided in the boat with a dark lantern having a strong reflector. When they hear the deer, suddenly the slide is drawn back, and the deer, astonished at the glare, stands gazing at the light, which of course gives the hunter a fair chance to shoot him. On this occasion they found four deer, which the author says "we could see staring at us in a most bewildered manner. They evidently could not make out what it meant, and the boldest of them, a young buck of an inquisitive turn of mind, advanced a step or two to investigate matters. Halting for an instant, he gave a snort of defiance, and with eyes glittering like balls of fire, advanced another fatal step, his last, for the sharp, clear crack of the rifle rang through the forest, and the poor buck fell, dyeing the waters of the stream with his life blood."

#### A RACK IN USE IN 1765.

The torture was abolished in France by Louis XVI., and at this time the rack represented in our illustration was consigned to an upper room in the Chateau Royal at Montauban, France, where it remained completely forgotten until it was recently discovered. The rack was in use about two centuries, and was an invention which replaced the older and more clumsy arrangement. The mode of torture previous to its introduction was as follows: The person to be questioned was hung by his hands to a rope which passed through a pulley in the ceiling, while heavy iron weights were attached to his feet, and the weights were increased until the torture forced from him the desired replies.

In the rack his feet were placed through the two holes seen in the cross-bar at the foot of the plank upon which he lay, and the cords tied to his hands, which were stretched above his head, were passed over the cylinder at the top of the plank, which was worked with the handles at its sides. The holes seen along the plank were used for the passage of the cords and straps by which his body was firmly bound to the plank. The last time that this instrument was used was in December, 1765, as the official contemporary report shows.

This report sets forth that Pierre Deligne was brought before Dominique de Sados, King's counselor, and Pierre F. Ayrolle des Angles, Lieutenant-colonel of cavalry; that the said Pierre Deligne having been condemned to make an honorable amende, and to be hung, was first subjected to the ordinary and extraordinary examination, as required by his sentence.

Being, therefore, stripped and fastened to the rack and the wheel being turned three teeth, he answered that he had committed no theft; turning it three more teeth,

he said the same; turning it three more, he said he would tell the truth if he was released. Then being released, he said he had told the truth, and had committed no theft. Thereupon being again subjected to the rack, he answered only with loud cries; being turned three more teeth, he said the devil might take him if he had committed a theft; three more teeth being turned, he answered nothing.

no reply; two more teeth being turned, he still made no reply. The doctors having again examined him, said that the action of his diaphragm was prevented by the tension of his nerves, that his thumb upon the right hand had been carried away, and that he was in danger of death, if not released.

Whereupon he was released, and being revived again by spirits, this statement was read to him, and he again

#### LORD KENYON'S LEARNING.

LORD KENYON, one of the Chief Justices of England during the last century, was notoriously ignorant of everything but law. He left a fortune of \$1,000,000, gained in his profession, and, though totally devoid of any tincture of classic culture, persisted in larding his homely English with scraps of misquoted or misapplied Latin; and so frequently did he give way to this comical habit after his elevation to the bench, that the scholars who practised at his bar or gave evidence at his court used to look for one or more of his favorite Latin terms whenever he opened his lips. One day he would silence an importunate suitor or loquacious barrister by exclaiming: "*Est modus in rebus;* or, as the vernacular hath it, There must be an end of all things;" on another day he would clothe his face with the wisest of his judicial aspects, and observe: "In advancing to a conclusion on this subject, I am resolved *stare supra antiquas vias.*" When a glaring case of fraud was brought before his observation he exclaimed: "The dishonesty is manifest; in the words of an old Latin sage, apparently, '*Lata anguis in herba.*'" To a deeply-edified grand jury he remarked, in a tone of solemn pathos: "Having thus discharged your consciences, gentlemen, you may retire to your homes in peace, with the delightful consciousness of having performed your duties well; and as you compose yourselves for nocturnal slumber, you may apply to yourselves the words of the heathen philosopher, '*Aut Caesar, aut nullus.*'"

Without the assistance of Latin, some of his remarks uttered from the judgment-seat were very provocative of laughter. "The allegation," he exclaimed indignantly during the examination of an unsatisfactory witness, "is as far from truth as old Booterium from the Northern Main—a line I have heard or met with God knows where." On another occasion, when he reprimanded an attorney for causing a needless and vexatious delay in a cause, he observed, in boldly metaphysical language: "This is the last hair in the tail of procrastination, and it must be plucked out;" and he is reported to have lectured "twelve gentlemen in the box" thus: "If an individual can break down any of those safeguards which the Constitution has wisely and cautiously erected, by poisoning the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will stab the administration of justice in its most vital parts."

But Kenyon's grandest oration was made at the trial of Williams for publishing Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," when the learned judge, in his summing-up observed: "Christianity from its earliest institution met with its opposers. The professors were very soon called upon to publish their 'Apologies' for the doctrines they had embraced. In what manner they did that, and whether they had the advantage of their adversaries or sunk under the superiority of their arguments, mankind for near two thousand years have had the opportunity of judging. They have seen what

*Julian, Justin Martyr* and other apologists have written, and have been of opinion that the argument was in favor of those publications."

Telling this story in his own way and improving it—as he was fully justified in doing—Coleridge, in the "Table Talk" assures his readers that Lord Kenyon, in his address to the jury in a trial for blasphemy, said: "Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue, that he was called *Julian the Apostle*?"

To a dishonest butler, who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar, the judge is reported to have said: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

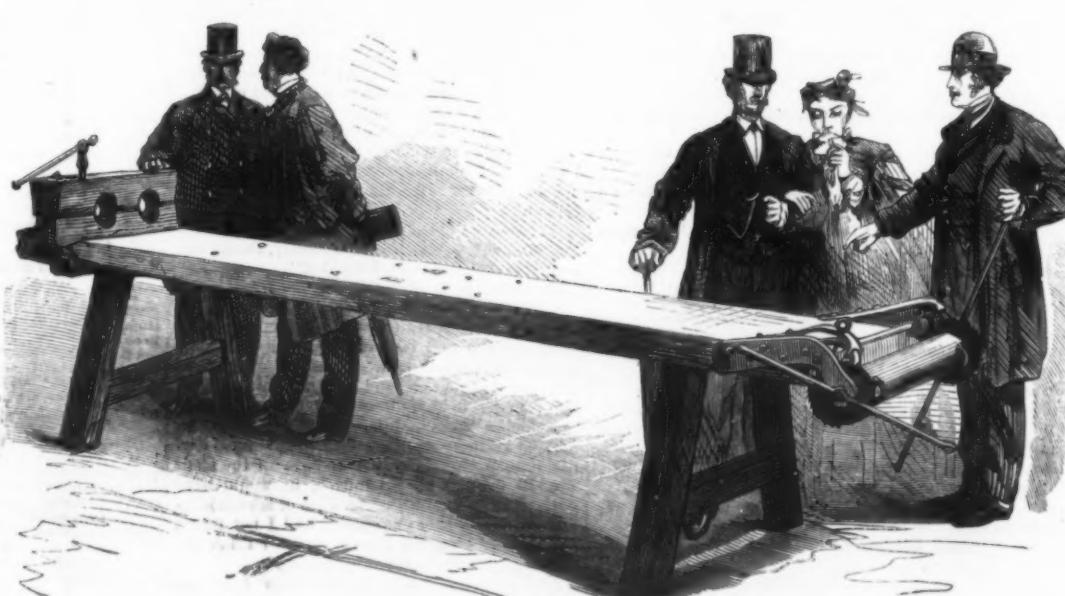


A DEER HUNT AT NIGHT.

Thereupon the doctors being called, said that the action of his lungs was prevented and that he would die if not released. Whereupon he was released, and being revived again by spirits, denied that he had committed any theft.

Being again subjected to the rack, he answered only with loud cries; two more teeth being turned, he made

denied having committed any theft. The frightful reality of this legal document is shocking, but serves to show what advance has been made in the dispensation of justice during the past century. The rack itself, with attested copies of the document we have quoted, is now placed among the archives of the department of Montauban.



THE RACK—FRENCH INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE IN USE IN 1765.

## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## HOME INCIDENTS, &amp;c.

**Singular Death from a Broken Branch.**  
A young man named McCracken met with his death from a singular accident in Ottawa. He had assisted in felling an enormous pine tree, which, in falling, had caught a sapling and held it bent down. In cutting up the pine, the sapling became freed, and recovering its erect position, with a sudden jerk hurled a dead branch which had been entangled in its branches with such



KILLED BY A BROKEN BRANCH.



A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

Celeste was afraid, manifested their feelings in so unmistakable a way, that, stung by it, she determined to make the attempt. She had gone hardly ten feet upon the rope, when Kennovan moved, and though Celeste, with the aid of her pole, regained her balance, he, by another sudden movement, brought her, himself, and the barrow to the ground. Kennovan was severely hurt; but Celeste, by grasping her pole in her descent, and holding it so that it struck the ground first, broke the force of her fall, and escaped with only a broken shoulder.

## A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

A woman in New Haven discovered a thief leaving her house with an overcoat belonging to her husband, and

## Daring Robbery.

Mr. Charles Elwood, a grain-dealer in Elkhart, near Springfield, Illinois, was recently visited in his office by two strangers, who seized him, bound him to a chair, gagged him, and then robbing the safe of \$6,000, made their escape, unseen by any one but the unfortunate sufferer. Mr. Elwood was not rescued from his uncomfortable position until he had passed three hours in his involuntary bondage, and was almost strangled by the



A DARING ROBBERY.

gag. Of course by this time the robbers had made good their escape, and have not been heard from since.

## Killed in his own Trap.

Henry Krause, of Hamburg, Berks County, Penn., set a gun-trap in his smoke-house, in order to shoot some thieves who had visited him, on their return. Next morning, however, forgetting that it was there, he entered the house and, receiving the entire charge, was killed almost instantly.

## Indians Destroying the Telegraph.

At Sweetwater Bridge, near Fort Laramie, Dacotah Territory, a party of Cheyenne Indians recently surrounded the telegraph office, killed and scalped the operator,

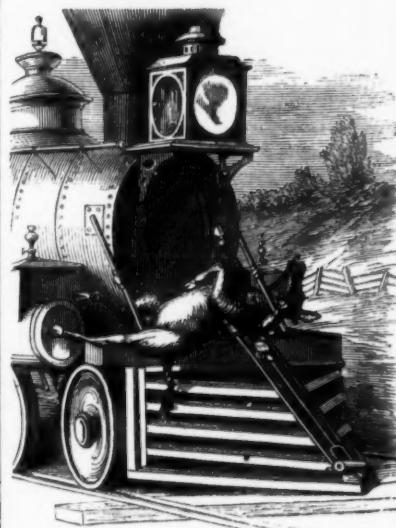


ALMOST AN EXPLOSION.

from this had attracted his attention. A few moments later and an explosion would have occurred, which would probably have shattered the entire block. Rosenthal & Levi keep a country grocery and dry-goods store. They were insured for several thousand dollars above the value of their stock. They have been arrested and held for examination.

## A Perilous Ride.

The train from Chicago to Lafayette ran into a yearling calf, which was standing upon the track, and on arrival at the latter place the animal was found upon the cow-catcher, alive and unharmed, with the exception of one of its fore-legs, which was broken. The animal's head had become fastened under one of the bars supporting the cow-catcher, and she was thus prevented from falling off.



A PERILOUS RIDE.

## Narrow Escape.

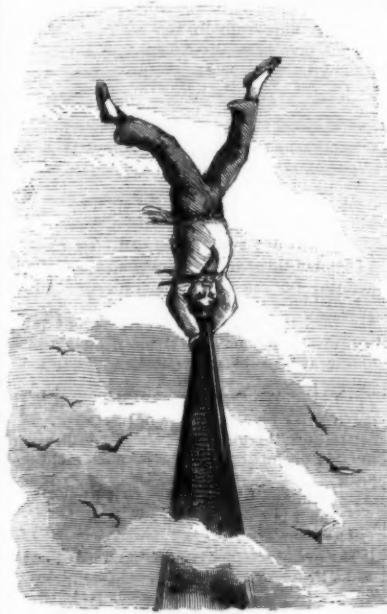
A lady at Tuckahoe attempted to pass from one car to another, just after they had started from the station. Her dress becoming entangled, she slipped and fell between them, hanging by her crinoline. Fortunately her condition was discovered soon by the station-master, and leaping upon the car, he pulled the signal-rope, stopped the train, and rescued her from her dangerous predicament.

## Leeches Made Pets.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY, describing a dinner with Erskine, says: "It may be worth while to mention one, as it strongly characterizes Lord Erskine. He has always expressed and felt a strong sympathy with ani-



A MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY A TRUCK DRIVER.



A STRANGE FREAK.

though she was alone in the house, she instantly rushed to the door and secured it, thus making him a prisoner. Her boldness so cowed the thief, that he promptly restored the stolen property, and begged to be let off, but the brave woman retained him until assistance came and he was arrested.

## Strange Freak.

At Lynn, Massachusetts, the other day, a bold and reckless man climbed to the top of the spire of the new Baptist church in that city, a distance of 170 feet from the ground, and stood there for several minutes, upon his head, although the wind was blowing almost a gale at the time. It was a foolish feat, but if the per-

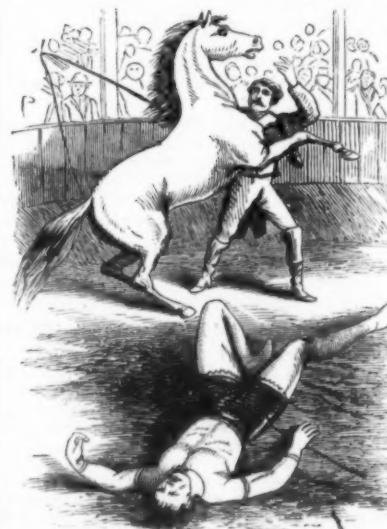
son had burned the station. There were three soldiers at the station, one of whom was found dead, and the others have not been heard from. These are the same Indians who took part in the massacre we illustrated last week. They have hitherto been peaceful, but now, having joined the Sioux in the war-path, will produce great trouble for the small number of troops we have in that distant region.

## Almost an Explosion.

In St. Joseph an attempt was made to blow up the store of Rosenthal & Levi, which was fortunately discovered before being successful. A druggist, whose shop is next to theirs, smelt the odor of burning, and broke open the door. To his amazement, he discovered a candle set in some loose cotton upon a keg of gunpowder, and burning. Some of the loose cotton had become ignited and fallen upon the floor, and the smoke



ACCIDENT TO A TIGHT-ROPE PERFORMER.



FATAL ACCIDENT AT A CIRCUS.

former is sure of his nerves, not more dangerous than many of the exhibitions of rope-dancing, and other acrobatic feats.

## Fatal Accident at a Circus.

Roberts, a celebrated bare-back rider, who was born in Philadelphia, was recently injured so severely by falling from his horse, while performing in a small Western village, that he died from its effects. His horse was going at full speed at the time of the accident, so that he fell with great violence.



CHEYENNE INDIANS DESTROYING TELEGRAPH STATION AND KILLING THE OPERATOR AT SWEETWATER BRIDGE.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

male. He has talked for years of a bill he was to bring into Parliament to prevent cruelty toward them. He has always had some favorite animals to whom he has been much attached, and of whom all his acquaintances have a number of anecdotes to relate; a favorite dog which he used to bring, when he was at the bar, to all his consultations; another favorite dog, which, at the time when he was Lord Chancellor, he himself rescued in the street from some boys who were about to kill it, under the pretense of its being mad; a favorite goose, which followed him wherever he walked about his grounds; a

favorite macaw, and other dumb favorites without number. He told us now that he had got two favorite leeches. He had been bled by them last autumn when he had been taken dangerously ill at Portsmouth. They had saved his life, and he had brought them with him to town, had ever since kept them in a glass, had himself every day given them fresh water and had formed a friendship for them. He said he was sure they both knew him and were grateful to him. He had given them different names—"Home" and "Glen" (the names of two celebrated surgeons), their dispositions being quite different. After a good deal of conversation about them, he went himself, brought them out of his library and placed them in their glass upon the table. It is impossible, however, without the vivacity, the tones, the details and the gestures of Lord Erskine, to give an adequate idea of this singular scene." Amongst the listeners to Erskine, whilst he spoke eloquently and with fervor of the virtues of his two leeches, were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Granville, Lord Grey, Lord Holland, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Henry Petty and Thomas Grenville.

## OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNERS OF THE WORLD;

OR,

### STRAY JOTTINGS OF A TRAVELER.

It has been my fortune, after now well nigh twenty years traveling in nearly every quarter of the globe, to have seen many of these out-of-the-way places. By-paths far remote from the great well-beaten thoroughfares; nooks and corners but little known and seldom visited, where fashion makes no progress, and nature and primitive customs have their strongest holds.

A pleasant journey, leading off amid shady green nooks, by translucent cooling waters, up breezy hills, by the waves of the ocean. The first place I would take them to is my own native land—the almost unknown dales and valleys of the North Riding of Yorkshire, where to this day is spoken, in almost primitive purity, the Saxon language of our common forefathers. The northern part—Riding, as it is called—of Yorkshire, comprises a many of these dales; the hills surrounding them for miles and miles away being heather-clad, the haunt of the black-cock, ptarmigan, and grouse. The valleys—ah, those valleys or dales!—full of cottage and farm homesteads, wood-embowered on the sloping sunny-sided hills, richly pastured in the low lands with many a clover-scented meadow, and threaded by a fair flowing silvery rivulet, in whose waters leap the speckled trout, the silvery thyme-scented grayling, and the delicate-fleshed salmon.

No busy, bustling, noisy steam-cars ever intrude amid those pastoral scenes,

"Where many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweets upon the desert air."

In the summer of 1844 I passed through them, on my road to the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes, and was very much taken, not only with their beautiful scenery, little known even in England, but also with the exceeding primitiveness of their inhabitants. The first visited one and the most beautiful was called Wensleydale, and my first Sunday was spent at a small village or hamlet named Nucker. There was but one place of worship there, a little Episcopal Church; two or three fagots of thorns filled up its broken-down doorway, to keep out the sheep that fed on the grass in the graveyard, and no bell with silvery toll summoned us to the house of prayer. In place of it, where the bell should have been, out in its loft, was seen a man's head, calling in the faithful to their prayers. "Toll—toll; he's coming! he's coming!" repeated again and again, the being alluded to being no less important a personage than the parson. In accordance with the clerical summons we entered in; the service was the usual one, but the responses were all made by the clerk alone. Also, in the first psalm he made a mistake, and gave us a long metre tune to a short metre psalm; nothing daunted, however, at the predicament he found himself in at the last line, he drawled out the last word until the tune fitted, and then, gravely shaking his head, said: "It weant do, friends; I've put a lang leg on a short body," and recommenced to strike up the right tune.

Very bonny are the girls of those pastoral dales, and as brave as healthy-looking and comely. Our maid was one of those rustic beauties, and had just had her bravery tested the week before we visited there. She lived in a lonely farm-house, half a mile at least from any other dwelling. One fine summer's day, toward the end of June, she was alone in the house; all the farm-laborers were out hay-making in fields far away from the house, and the master and mistress with them. The girl was busy laying the cloth for supper, her back to the open door. She was startled by hearing a stealthy footstep grit on the sandy floor, and turned quickly round and confronted a large, powerful, sturdy beggar, shoeless and ragged, advancing toward her with the carving-knife in his hand, which he had just taken off the table. She was by the fireside, cooking. She snatched up the poker off the hearth, and advanced dauntingly toward him.

"What dost'ee want?"

"All I can get," was the surly reply.

"Thou'lt get naught here; be off, or I'll brain thee."

The man, whether really a coward at heart or cowed by her look of determination, backed before her, knife in hand, toward the door; step for step she followed him with the uplifted poker; as he got near the door she made a spring and a rush which sent him flying backward down the steps. She slammed to the door; bolted and barred it. Then getting down her master's gun, went up-stairs, and opening a window blew a loud blast on the horn, which summoned the men to their meals, and which quickly brought her master home to see what was the matter.

The girl told him.

"Thou'rt a brave lass," was his reply, "and shalt hev a new gown for't. I skulking thief saw use, no doubt, bring fræ t'bank t'men's wages."

The man had gone.

That girl afterward married the farmer's eldest son, and has now a large family. Of such like stock came our ancestors.

Ireland. What out-of-the-way corners are there? may be asked. A good many even in the very vicinity of Dublin, and I come to it next in the stray jottings of my note-book. I shall come to some in America next.

I visited Dublin last spring, just a twelvemonth ago. I had not intended it at first, but it came about in this way: I was exploring some of the less known regions of North Wales, and in the course of my travels stumbled across two young Irishmen fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, out for their vacation, and as we arrived at a small village at the foot of Snowdon together, we agreed to make the ascent of the mountain in company. Hiring a guide we accordingly started. It was a hot June day, and one of my traveling companions was somewhat overburdened with flesh. The ascent was steep. The pull a long one. About half way up he began to give in, and groaned at the toillessness of the ascent. We came upon two ladies seated on the heather in a cozy sheltered corner off the road. Two old maids (by their looks and their careful provision for nature's needs) seated there discussing, coolly and comfortably, sandwiches and pale sherry.

My Irish friend's eyes glistened as he saw them, and the following dialogue immediately took place:

Halting before them, "And it's comfortable ye are," said he.

"Yes, we are comfortable," icily and coldly.

Nothing dismayed, he returned to the charge.

"And it's broiling hot the sun is, and a long thirsty way to the top."

"It is warm, sir."

No notice taken of the latter delicate hint.

"Och shure, and it's no go at all," to me, in a very audible *sotto voce*. "They're English. Come on."

And on we went some dozen yards. He wheeled suddenly round, and stopped again.

"And is it speaking ye are?" (to the ladies.)

"No, sir; we did not speak."

"Shure and it's mistaken I am. I thought you asked me to take a glass wid you."

An unmistakable silence.

"Faith," said he, "they are English."

And we left them to toil on our weary way. About two-thirds of the way he stopped once more, and thus to the guide:

"Guide, is it near the top we are?"

"About two miles further," was the reply.

"Oh, by Saint Patrick, and if ye had tould me a lie I would have forgiven you."

Meaning, of course, that he wished the guide would have made the distance less, even if he told a lie.

What a jolly time we had of it when we got down to the inn again! and as they were going on to Holyhead and thence to Dublin that night, I went on with them.

Dublin has some queer out-of-the-way corners and any amount of queer characters—none queerer.

I found my new friends lived near the Beggar's Bush Barracks, a little way out of Dublin. Past their house every day came an old beggarman, half-witted they called him—he was shrewd enough, however, at times—a stanch Roman Catholic. One day, in passing, I threw him out a penny, and popped my head in, so that he could not see who it was. He stopped, took up the penny, looked at it, then at the house, made a bow and said, "Thank ye, sir." Then he scratched his head, as if not quite satisfied. A sudden gleam lighted up his countenance and he bobbed a courtesy, "Thank ye, ma'am;" and then, having thus made sure of the unknown sex of the donor, was marching off content.

"I say, Mike," said a bystander to him, who had seen me pitch it, "do you take money from a Protestant?"

"Och, whisht, honey," was the quick, ready answer; "ahure I'll convert it."

Whilst there I found my old regiment, the Fifty-eighth, quartered at the barracks. I had been out with them in New Zealand and not seen them for several years. I accordingly went and renewed my acquaintance with them. The colonel asked me to dine at the mess that night, at half-past seven, to which I agreed.

Dressing on returning home, at the time appointed I started on one of those jaunting-cars—two-sided affairs—the common mode of conveyance in Dublin, on which passenger and driver sit *dos-a-dos*.

"Barney," said I to the driver, as we jogged along, "I am going to see old faces to-night; some I have not seen for years, and then in a far-off land. I am going to dinner. If I take too much wine will you see me safe home again?"

"Shure, your honor, that will I; and what time may it be, sir, to come after you?"

"At about two o'clock."

We arrived at the mess-room, where I alighted. On driving off, "And is it a cart with a feather-bed in it I'll be aferther bringing your honor?" quoth he.

"No, Barney, thank you, I guess the car will do," I said, laughing.

At the time mentioned he came for me. I asked two of the officers to help me up on the car.

Barney watched me sideways, as they hoisted me up, like a magpie looking down a marrow-bone. As soon as I was seated, he got off, and, taking a leather strap out of his pocket, lashed me to the iron bar and to himself. We had no sooner got out of the barrack gates than I said:

"Good morning, Barney. You have made sure of me, I see."

"And isn't it jolly you are?"

"I hope so, Barney."

"Och, shure, that ain't what I mane. Haven't you got a drop too much now, at all, at all?"

"I hope not, Barney."

"Ah, faith, and had I had your chance, wouldn't

We got home, to find his wife had taken her chance and acted on Barney's principle. When so she had, being a Protestant, always a zealous fit for the "convarshun" of her more benighted Catholic neighbors. She had one now, and had aroused her neighbor, a bigoted Catholic, to try and "convert" her.

"And is it purgatory ye believe in?" we heard loudly spoken, as we drove up.

"I do believe in purgatory," was the concise reply.

"And ye believe such stuff as that, and isn't it what the priests teach you to get ye'r money from ye. Ah! sure, now, and what is purgatory?"

Here another *persona dramatis* appeared on the scene, in the shape of the other woman's husband, in very scanty habiliments, fresh from bed. He came dancing in.

"Ho, honey, and is it purgatory ye want to know about at this time of night? There (a sounding smack on the face) and there (another one), that's purgatory for ye."

"Oh, Barney!" screamed she, catching sight of us, "and it's murdered I am, kill out an' out Come here, you villain, and see your wife kill!"

It was too much for Barney; he was off his perch in a jiffy, and dancing up to the other one:

"What do you mane?" said he, striking out at him, "hitting a decent woman that way. Get out of this, now."

A very likely thing, seeing that the man was in his own house. He, doubtless, only too glad to have a man so opportunely at hand to deal with, went in with hearty good will, and the two women betook themselves together. I the looker on.

A policeman, however, drawn thither by the noise, soon made his appearance on the scene of action as well.

"Come, come," said he, "none of this here."

They gave him no time for more—all four ceased, and turned their whole and undivided attention to him.

"Get out of this, you villain," said one, giving a blow.

"Och, sure," quoth the other, "and can't a decent man have a party fight in *his own house* widout a dirty paler interfering. Git out, now!"

—this time a kick; the women advancing, the peeler turned his back, and covering his head with his hands, retreated, counting, doubtless, in this case discretion as the "better" part of valor.

The others, appeased therat, retired, and went off quietly to bed. One more and I must leave old Ireland—fighting, grumbling, laughing, funny old Ireland.

The next day I wanted to call on a clergyman, a friend of the colonel's, the Chaplain of the Fifty-eighth. I drove with Barney, accordingly, a little earlier to the mess that night, for dinner. There I learned the clergyman's address, but quite forgot to ask his name. Meeting an old brother-officer at the barrick gates, I stopped a few minutes to chat with him; on parting, I found I had forgotten the number of the house also, and only retained a recollection of the street.

"Barney," I queried, "do you remember the number of the house the gentleman mentioned to me?"

"Faith, and it's misbegotten it I have."

"Was it 140, do you think?"

"Ay, sure that was it."

Thither, accordingly, we went. A fine street and a handsome house, but, a brass-plate on the door, and "Mrs. O'Rooney" engraved thereon. Thinking, however, the clergyman might be a bachelor, and these his lodgings, I rang the bell and waited.

A smart maid appeared.

"Does the clergyman live here?" I asked.

"No, sir; Mrs. O'Rooney."

Sorely perplexed, I betook myself to Barney.

"He does not live here—what shall I do?"

"Faix, I dunno," scratching his head. "See, there's a man next door teeming coals; may be he'll be aferher knowing."

"But whom am I to ask for?"

"Shure, the clergyman," said he.

I accordingly accosted him:

"Do you know where the clergyman lives in this street?"

"Is it the pr'aaste, you mane?"

"No, not the priest, but the clergyman I want."

"And it's strange I am in this place."

"Barney, he does not know. What am I to do next?"

"Shure, your honor, knock at every door till you come to the right one!"

I declined doing this, and started back again, but meeting the colonel's orderly at the end of the street, I got the required information from him.

Did you ever know an Irishman wanting for an answer? I never did.

I cannot get any further with my jottings now. I must stop here.

### THE EMERALD MINES OF MUSO.

SEVERAL years ago circumstances took me to Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of New Granada. After closing my business I had some time to spare before I was required to return to New York, and having traveled so far into the midst of the Andes, I did not like to return without seeing some of the objects of interest presented on so vast a scale by that immense and rugged range of mountains.

Among these the emerald mines of Muso possessed a peculiar interest. They are the only mines in the world which are worked exclusively for emeralds. Among the Ural Mountains in Russia, and in some places in India, emeralds are found in the washings of the streams. It is said the Egyptians anciently possessed emerald-bearing mines, but the knowledge of them has long since been lost. The rarity of these gems has given them place next to the diamond in value, and they still retain a high position in the estimation of jewelers.

When Cortez attained possession of the regalia of Montezuma, he found a number of beautiful uncut emeralds among the jewels; and at a later period Pizarro found much larger numbers among the trea-

sures of the Incas. Spanish greed soon found where these gems were to be obtained, but the place was kept profoundly secret, and for many years the scanty supply that was given to the world was known as the emeralds of Peru. They surpassed all other emeralds in the beauty of their color, and consequent value, and the Spanish Government maintained a strict monopoly of their supply. It was not until after the Spanish-American war of Independence that the names of Muso and Somondoco became known to the world.

Even then their place and position had become almost forgotten. As far back as the year 1780 the mines had been so prolific in supply, that serious fears were entertained by the Spanish ministry that emeralds would become valueless through their abundance. Accordingly, after

There is no doubt that the Indians knew the beauty and appreciated the value of the emerald long before the discovery of America. The evidences of ancient Indian workings are still visible over a large extent of the emerald-bearing region, far surpassing all that has been done since the conquest. Rough emeralds are frequently found in the ancient Indian graves, which are often turned up by the plow in the plain of Simi-jaca, and these constitute at the present day the greater portion of the stones that are offered for sale in New Canada. The regular products of the mine find their best market with the European jewelers. Some of these estrays from the ancient times appear roughly worked, as though they had been rubbed one against another, but none present any other evidence that the Indians possessed the art of cutting them.

On our return from Muso we again passed a night with Señor Paris, and he told us the story of the re-opening of the mine by his father.

When the War of Independence closed, its heroes found themselves rich in honors, but poor in everything constituting the world's goods. His father had attained high rank in the army, and was an intimate personal friend of the Liberator Bolívar, then President of Columbia. He conceived the design of seeking for and re-opening the old Spanish emerald workings, and obtained from the government a grant of the privilege, subject to a royalty of five per cent. on the product of the mines.

His son, then a lad, was sent to England to pursue his studies as an engineer, while the father prosecuted his inquiries in regard to the old Spanish workings. He removed his family to the site of the present mine, and commenced to uncover the works hidden by the Spaniards. More than a year elapsed before the upper veins were found, and for three years the emeralds taken out did not pay the expense of labor. The general's scanty means and credit were very nearly exhausted, when his son, having finished his studies, returned from England.

He joined his father at the mine, and together they worked and studied it. After nine years of constant labor they had cleared off the mass of rubbish which the Spaniards had cast into the quarry, and found themselves at the bottom of the old workings. These had been carried to as low a level as the formation of the ravine would permit. If they dug deeper in the quarry the debris could not be carried off by the water.

Long-continued study of the emerald-bearing veins led Señor Paris to believe that rich deposits might be found by deeper workings. He accordingly commenced an adit on the outside of the hill, at a lower level than the mouth of the ravine, and pushed it through the hill to allow escape for the water. When this was finished he commenced working at the bottom of the ravine, and his success was beyond his wildest hopes. To what extent he took out emeralds no one but himself knows. In telling me of the result he stated that at one locality a few yards square he found one hundred pounds weight of the precious crystals.

Soon after this the family gave up the working of the mine, which had again become comparatively unproductive. Their object now was to realize their good fortune. No market existed in America for so large a quantity of emeralds as they possessed, and they feared the effect of offering so many even in Europe. The father and son went to London; but, with all their caution and carelessness to exhibit only a small portion of their treasure, they offered so many emeralds for sale, that the London dealers became alarmed for the future value of the gem in the market, and declined to purchase.

They then proceeded to Russia, where they made their first sales, and afterward visited other Continental markets, disposing of stones as they found purchasers. To what extent they sold, or how many the family have still left, is unknown. They returned to New Granada with abundant wealth and settled in the plain of Simi-jaca, where I met them. The general has been gathered to his fathers, but the son maintains the dignity of the family in generous style. Occasionally small lots of very beautiful emeralds are sold to the jewelers of London and Paris, which are supposed to come from his coffers; but he keeps his own counsel, and we only know that popular rumour ascribes to him the possession of many very large and very beautiful gems.

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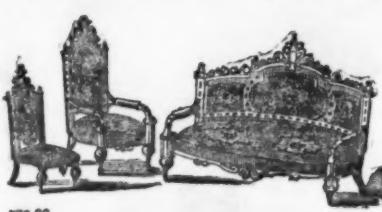
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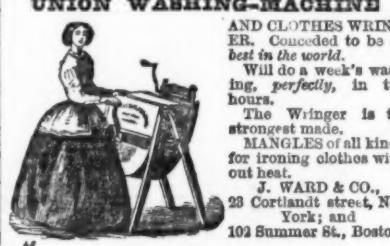
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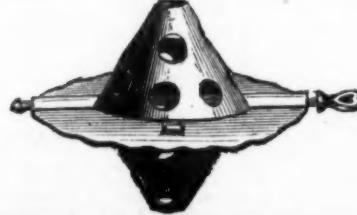
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